A

JOCO-SERIOUS

DISCOURSE.

IN TWO

DIALOGUES,

BETWEEN A

Northumberland-Gentleman,

AND HIS

Tenant a *Scotchman*,

Both old *CAVALIERS.*

With an *ANAGRAM* prefixt to them:

BEING

Some Miscellaneous Essays, Written upon several Occasions.

By *GEORGE STUART.*

Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci.

LICENSED,
June 22*nd.* 1686. *Rob. Midgley.*

London, Printed for *Benjamin Tooke*, at the *Ship* in St. *Paul's Church-Yard*, and *John Story*, in *New-Castle*, 1686.

A DISCOURSE CONCERNING DILATORY PLEAS

Some Miscellaneous Essays, Written upon several Occasions.

By GEORGE STUART.

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LICENSED,
June 20th. 1686. Rob. Midgley.

London, Printed for Benjamin Tooke, at the Ship in St. Paul's Church-Yard, and John Starkey, in Fleet-Street, 1686.

TO

Sir *HENRY BRABANT* Knight,

MAYOR

OF

NEW-CASTLE

UPON

TINE.

SIR,

IF these following Sheets had been designed to have gratifi'd a particular Humor, or private Intereſt, it had behov'd me to have made this Dedication to one, of whoſe Perſonal Acquaintance I were more happy in, than I am of yours; but ſince the raſhneſs of my Fancy has ſuggeſted a more pub-

lick

lick concern, I know none more fit to protect my good Wishes to that Royal Cause, which you have so vigorously asserted than your self: Or if it had been possible for me (as I thank God it is not) to have offer'd an Effort, which by any Consequence might appear prejudicial to our Soveraign Lord the King, and consequently, to the Universal Well-fare of all his Subjects; it had been but Prudence in me, to have conceal'd such an ungodly Attempt from you; for what Incouragement cou'd any diſorderly Act (if there were no worſe in't) expect from a Loyaliſt of your Size, whom Malice it ſelf cannot feign ev'r to have trode one wry ſtep in the Duty of a Loyal Subject, and Office of a diſcreet Magiſtrate?

But why, Sir, ſhould I pretend to be a Stranger to you? Has not the whole Courſe of your Life, (ev'n when Iniquity skrew'd it ſelf up into the Seat of *Lord Paramount*) render'd you ſufficiently conſpicuous? firſt, to all true Lovers of your three ſucceſſive Royal Maſters, and next to the Adverſe Party? Did not thoſe let you before their wary Eyes, as a perfect Pattern both of Courage and

Obedience, and these, as the very Butt of their implacable Malice? Cou'd I live so long near you, as I have done, and be unacquainted with your great Merits? No Sir, it is impossible, tho this be the first time I've given you the trouble of an Address.

It was in that Critical Juncture, you did manifest the true Sense of your Soul; when your early Endeavours to crush the Cockatrice in the shell, did but predict the After-acts of your Life to be no more to you, but drawing your own Breath. *Satan*, among the rest of his subtile and hectoring Artifices, had the Impudence to tell his ineffable Creator, that *JOB serv'd not God for nothing*; yet for all this, when he had got him in his power, and devested him of all that was dear to Flesh and Blood, this admirable piece of Piety was still the same. And pray you, Sir, what have all those dreadful Engines prevail'd, which have incessantly batter'd against you from your Cradle? (And I wish the plentiful Effusion of Youthful Blood, or the unavoidable Decays of old Age, cou'd but obtain a Writ of Ease) what have they prevail'd I say? Nothing, but to your Advantage. The more they strip't, you did but

the

the fairlyer discover a spotless and active Soul, darting it self thorow and springing in the exact and lively Lineaments of a well Organiz'd Body; or made you appear like the Winter Sun, which shines brightest, when the Frost is most nipping.

Again, Sir, the Magnanimous *St. Paul* did freely undergo Imprisonments, was over and over again, whip't by the *Jews*, beaten with Rods, Shipwrack't, was in Perils of Water, in Perils of Robbers, in Perils of his own Country-men, in Perils among the Heathens, in Perils in the City, in Perils in the Wilderness, in Perils in the Sea, but the worst of all was Perils among *false Brethren*; and yet this resolute *Hero* stood unshaken to the very last. If I were but to trace the Comparison upon your account (as far as the Cases run Parallel) it were but superfluous to those that know you, and incredible to such as do not.

As long as Vice is Vice, it will stand in Opposition to Vertue; and while there is good Men to suffer, there will be ill Men to persecute. I dare not say *behold the End of these*; for who knows but Almighty God, out of the inexhaustible Treasure of his Bounty, may in good time give a better Understanding;

standing; but if some of their Beginnings have not been Ominous, it's a Paradox to more than my self; and let such as distrust this, look back on those who have formerly imbarqu't themselves in such rotten, and leaking Vessels; and if they cannot discern a palpable Fatality attending the runners of such Risques, I hope they'll give quicker-sighted Persons leave to wonder at their Blindness.

I will be very thankful to any of your Enemies (of which by the Instigation of the Devil, and his Dearest Daughter the *Good old Cause* yo've had a pretty convenient Number) if any of 'em, I say, can shew me when ever a force-putt-*Conformist* became not (as soon as ev'r he met with a promising Game for't) the most Voracious Devourer of that sacred Authority, which he most solemnly swore to defend: But it's Hypocrisy, not Conversion which I disclaim; and what Precaution is herein to be used, falls under the Cognizance of our Superiours.

Sir,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Sir, It's not the hollow sound of an empty Panegyrick can Ecchoe to your Character. Original Worth is the firmest *Basis* of true Virtue: And in order to that, your own Acts can best speak you. It only remains that I beg Pardon for this Freedom, and the Honour to be allow'd to subscribe my self,

Loyal Sir,

Your most humble,

and Obedient

Servant,

George Stuart.

THE

PREFACE,

DIALOGUE,

BETWEEN THE

AUTHOR,

AND THE

CENSORIOUS READER.

HERE, Sir, — *at last we may take*
Author. Why, surly Reader? Other Authors will
Reader. call me Courteous Reader — Gentle-Reader.
Author. *That perhaps thou hast played a hundred skittish*
Tricks in thy time.
Reader. And then they'll say, I intreat you to take my weak
Endeavours in good part, and I shall hereafter be incouraged
to, &c. I had but little time, and so I took it, &c.
Author. And yet when I intended long enough ready, before their
conditions, and yet when I intended long enough ready, before their

—Author, thy merit's much enough in all Conscience: but tak't [illegible] if thou hast any more of me, it shall speak to thee.

Reader. But what is't all this while—? Let me see,—Ho, is't time a day now to publish any Poem upon such *Subjects*?

Author. Why not? They were [illegible] as any that appear'd upon those scores: However, they being only then occasionally introduc'd, I doubt not but the Design, if the matter were refreshing enough to a Jaded Palate at any time, can for such as are not, I am sorry I cannot please them.

Reader. Unriddle that?

Author. I was at Newcastle upon Tine (Feb. 11. 168⅘.) when the doleful News of the Death (if such can be so to dye) of the best, and one of the greatest Monarchs upon Earth first filled that Place with Lamentation. All appear'd in a Sorrow [illegible] Proclaim'd our present dread Sovereign, (upon whom Heav'n shower down the choicest of its Blessings) [illegible] some Acts to the Imperial Crowns of the Royal Ancestors, with magnificent Splendor. [illegible] so ample a Grant, another stately Preparation [illegible] was set a Foot, [illegible] Business, resolving to see the Issue of it; [illegible] sudden struck. I had but little time, and so I task't myself accordingly, and got what I intended long enough ready, before their Charter

Observed, some [illegible] Reader, I remember [illegible] not been misinformed, the Entertainment that both in and out for its sake, about the Person you presented it to, thing they might have sufficient [illegible] a Period to any more Dialogues of that Nature. [illegible] Author. Quare tentavit Fordi [illegible] Dialogue, will be [illegible] Strange, to all of [illegible] vogues; nor am I [illegible] thanks to many of my good Neighbours, [illegible] than and all upon Equivalent Grounds. But one [illegible] Summer, and since no Body knows who we mean on, all's well enough. After I had smell'd out Rare Subjects [illegible] and served some Comerins as well as I could for Durham, against the Coronation, by some Intimate [illegible] the Landlord Assigns us, you find [illegible] to the Tenant, and he [illegible] manner) plainer upon the History of the last Seaven or Eight years, in Allegorick Fit for his Character; for, notwithstanding the distinct Species (wherein [illegible] partly perverted, but more chiefly disguised for the British Stage in that particle of wide, where was yet room enough for a Drol. I communicated both Dialogues to not a few of my Acquaintance, all Persons of indifferent Learning, and truly they had the good Nature, at least, not to [illegible] Condemn. They were somewhat noised abroad, and I was forc'd to [illegible] which was harder, giving Copies, than my time was spent to

[illegible] prejudice [illegible] And [illegible]ubsequently [illegible]made Copies [illegible] Leases were Renewed [illegible] all [illegible]dships excepting the Nurse, and other Faults) they made the Tenant stand bare in Court. I [illegible] unwilling to answer [illegible] any Faults but my own, [illegible] I sent both to London to be Printed about the beginning of June 1688. [illegible] the Act for Indemnity was then Revived, it was never thought [illegible]. Therefore, to make sure work, I trusted them in the Hands of a very Judicious and Ingenious Gentleman there, to Inform me whether they contained any thing offensive to the Publick, or displeasing to any Loyal Person. The unnatural Rebellion of the West being then in the Zenith, he was taken up in higher matters, and they lay by him forgot 'till September next after. I sent, with a good report of that Gentleman, who got them Printed, [illegible] to receive them, and get them Licensed and Printed, if it would turn to his Advantage. After he had perused them, he returned them (with thanks for his pains) assuring me the Tenants would prove implacable in the Southern parts. Under the Shadow of Abhorred Persons were so darkly, that they would scarce be apprehended. I now reckoned my self at ease, but it was not long upon me, by [illegible] pressure for Printed Copies in Consequence of mine to every Appearing in Print (whereof there were [illegible] Gentlemen [illegible] I had [illegible] promised to take the charge off my Hand, that he must have been worse conditioned than I desired to be reputed, that would have refused a Compliance. And a little after Christmas I fell in with a very good Amanuensis, [illegible] I committed there Letters, and a little I added, as also, the common English of every uncouth Scotch word, with some explicatory Notes on the Margent, thereby to facilitate the Characters, and render the Tenants

Language unintelligible. I know it's not usual in Poems of this Nature, but if the Reader should have both the Speech, and the Meaning of it without study, it might prove so Slavish, as to rebate the little piece of Satisfaction, he might otherways have.

Reader. Here has been a great deal a do about nought, it seems. But why shou'd you Characterize those Persons who have already smarted under the severe Pens of the Greatest Wits of the Nation?

Author. All of them have not, nor any in this manner, that ever I met with. Do but observe, I pray'e now, if any Angler shou'd use always the same Bait, or dubbing with his Hook, without respect to the Season of the year, quality of the Water, disposition of the Air, or Nature of Fishes he Angles for, he might oft return with an empty Basket. One Man's Meat is another Man's Poyson, and if a hard Clawing of Proverbs

Reader. But let me look a little further into it. Why so many distances betwixt the Natures of their discourses in many places?

Author. If you will but (as I do) consider the Landlord, and Tenant, the several degrees of all his Majesty's Subjects, you'll find no greater Discrepancy in that, then may be in their other Circumstances, and Accoutrements. As for example, the Landlord may ride on a Fourty-Pound Horse, and the Tenant on a Fourty-Shilling Galloway, and notwithstanding, both Travel in the same Road.

Reader. Have not you, in many places belyed the Tenants Speech, as lig, syke, Ise, &c.? These, and many others being no Scotch words!

Author. You must consider the Tenant has liv'd long in Northumberland, and has somewhat mixt his Dialect with the Native

Inco-

Diogenes. The difference is small, yet Diogenes ought to be natural, as also be without ambition, deep a mind as any Englishman for finenesse; And to speak plainly nothing more frequent among them, when they speak to any Person of Quality.

Reader. Why have you order'd these two things, for the most part old and Common Tunes?

Author. Because I would have them worthy things: I have known very witty and Loyal Songs lost, before Custom could have suited their Tunes. If any man think he worth more, let him use his Art, and Welcome.

Reader. Is this the Scotch spelling in many of your expressions words (as gud for good, thud for Bud, Dog, Nog, &c.)

Author. No. There is no difference betwixt the Scottish and English spelling, save in the pronouncing of some: And I have so lettered them, and all such, only to put the Scotch mind of it, into the English mans mouth; Contrariwise the English Pronunciation is no way faulty in, nor can their way either teach or learn ours aright.

Reader. But tell me this I prithee now?

Author. I'll tell thee no more, Man. The Preface is too long already. Farewell.

James

James Stuart, *Second & Seaventh.*

ANAGRAM.

Just Man on Earth, used Sea, &c.

THE Labour's lost, mangle not this Sacred name,
For every Letter here's an Anagram.
The justest Man on Earth, him Heav'ns allow,
Justice requires that we to's Scepter bow.
Such happiness (be thankful) prov's we are
Pointed by God, for his peculiar care.
He used Sea, there vigorously maintain'd
Our Interest, and his own Glory gain'd.
How cou'd he fail, when such Auspicious Gales
(Ev'n Angel-breath) breath'd on his prosp'rous Sails?
The Bulwark of his Country, King and Laws:
Nothing cou'd match his Courage, but his Cause.
By Prudent Conduct, Valour, Wise Command,
Vanquish't our Foes at Sea, our Hearts at Land,
They Trembling sink; while we Triumphing stand.
They yield their Weapons, and we give our Hearts;
All stoop to him, subdu'd by diff'rent Arts.
Why not submit? Sure no Objection, where
There's Lawful Conqueror, and Rightful Heir.
Sir, prostrate at your Princely Feet we lay
Our Lives, our Fortunes, our et cætera.

James Stuart, Second & Seventh.

ANAGRAM.

Just Man on Earth, next Sea, &c.

THE Labours lofty, mangle not this Sacred name,
For every Letter here's an Anagram.
The Just Man on Earth, thus Heav'n allots,
Twice requires that we to's Scepter bow.
Such Inspirers (be thank'ful) proofs we are
Pointed by God, for his peculiar care.
He rul'd Sea, there supremely maintain'd
Our Interest, and his own Glory guard.
How could he fail, when such auspicious Guides
(Both Angel-bread) preserv'd in his Dispositions?
The Bulwark of his Country, King and Laws,
Nothing could match his Courage, but his Cause.
By Prudent Conduct, Valour, Wise Command,
Vanquish our Foes at Sea, one Hearts at Land.
The Triumphing Luis, whilst we Triumphing Hand.
They yield their Weapons, and we give our Hearts,
All stoop to him, subdu'd by duty most Arts.
Why not submit? Sure no Objection, where
There's Love, Fear, Conquest, and Regal Heirs.
Sir, prosperate as your Princely Parts we lay
Our Lives, our Fortunes, our Estates

A

A Dialogue, &c.

Upon the HIGH-WAY.

OCCASIONED

By two Great Solemnities at *New-castle* upon *Tine*;

The former, *February* the 11th. 168⅔. At the Proclaiming of our Dread Soveraign King *James* the Second and Seventh:

And the latter *Febrary* the 13th. next after, at the bringing in of the New CHARTER.

Tenant.

SIR,

I Was at *New-Castle*, where I trow ye ha' been,
I saw * syke a Sight there, as ne'er yet was seen;
I thought they'd been Crowning a King or a Queen
Knights, Gallants, and Ladys, a hugious great Number,
Bells rang, Minstrills play'd, and Cannons did Thunder,
But what was the meaning I canno' but wonder.

* such.

B Pikes,

Pikes, Muskets, and Drums, and * mony gay Fellows,
|| ev'ry. The King's Health was Drunk at || ilk' Tavern and Ale-house;
Instead of fair Water their Fountains sprang Clarret,
* Good. * Geud-Fellows came in, and amang 'm did share it.
They ranted the Day out, and when the Night came,
† whole. I thought the † hail Town had been * all in a Flame.
* Bonefires. *Land-lord.* Hold, hold my Good-Neighbour, let me know
I'll tell you the meaning as well as I may; [what you say?
What, a Thund'ring of Cannons, there was no such thing,
|| *New-castle* is the chief Town in those parts. 'Twas the || Cock of the North was Clapping his Wing.
Ten. But * ya thing I minded, resolve me this case,
† Twa Passions appeared in || ilka Mans Face?
* one. The * ta side seem'd Merry, the t'other-side Mourn'd
† Two || ev'ry * ta side. And Sorrow to † Blythness was instantly turn'd.
† Gladness. *Land.* Alass now ye pinch me, there is no denying,
Great Cæsar our Monarch was lying a dying,
But when he exspir'd and his Soul fled to Heav'n;
Instead of himself his Second was giv'n
|| Charter. Now Sorrow? now Joy? nothing better cou'd do it.
† Wofulness *Ten.* But then || twa days after, again they fell to it a
Their Wofulness seem'd vanish't, lets hear left of Griefs,
How came that about?
Land. I'll tell thee in brief.
The day breaks agen, our Horizon is clear'd,
The Sun in the South soon after appear'd:
Observe when bright *Phebus* at first takes his Rise,
He seems not so Glorious to faint mortal Eyes,
Some Clouds may surround him, the Morning is chill,
But upward advancing, Carreering it still;
The higher he mounts it, the warmer the day.
* I'm somewhat Book-learn'd. *Ten.* I's * sunckat beuk-learn'd, and I guess what you say.
Land. Then a full noon of Joy pollest ev'ry Heart,
Old and Young, High and Low there Acted a part,
Every Big-belly'd Wife eas'd her Apron-String,
May this prove a Souldier to fight for our King.
But what was the meaning I cannot but wonder.
Ev'ry

Ev'ry Girl of Fourteen wilne her ſelf a bride,
For that,
Ten. And another ‖ geud reaſon beſide. ‖ good.
Land. * Seas roar, Rivers ſwell, expreſſing their Joy, * It was full Sea and a high Spring Tide, juſt when the King was Proclaimed here.
Th' harmonious Spheres ſound *Vive le Roy*.
Ten. What was't they fetcht in with ſike Pomp and Pride?
Land. Their *Charter*, their *Rule*, their *Light*, and their *Guide*.
Ten. They're mighty proud on't.
Land. So well may they, ſince,
It's great Honour to merit that Grace from their Prince.
Ten. Had I but kenn'd † aw when I was in the Town, † all.
I'ad ſpent t'other Groat on the brisk-berry-brown;
And when I've tell'd this to my ‖ peur Wife * awld *Megg*, ‖ poor. * old.
She'll noddle her Head tho' ſhe ‖ canno' lift Leg. ‖ cannot.
But well-away *Landlord*! the days we ha' ſeen,
Had it * aylways gane ſae, we happy had been! * always gone ſo.
Land. When Rebel-Phanaticks like Lions did roar,
They mauld brave *Newcaſtle*, and many *Towns* more,
Ten. And ‖ aw that was Loyal they to the Ground bore, ‖ all.
Land. Like ſtupid dull Geeſe, they ſat rotten Eggs,
Ten. And ſettling Religion, they jumbl'd it to Dregs.
Land. They cry'd up Religion, like Tygers they fought for't,
Ten. But ne'er * faund it out till our Coffers were ſought for't. * found.
Land. Tubs were made Pulpits.
Ten. And Kirks turn'd to Stables.
Land. Cant paſs'd for Goſpel.
Ten. Religion for Fables.
Land. They vaunted *both* Babel, *and* Dagon *ſhou'd fall*.
Ten. But the Rubbiſh ſmoor'd King, Laws, Biſhops and all.
Land. Sacriledge, Treaſon, Blood, Plunder, and Rape.
Ten. In truth it was well if our Wives did eſcape.
Land. Pretending our Freedom, they poor'd us in ſlav'ry.
Ten. Made ‖ haly pretences a Cloak for their Knav'ry. ‖ holy.
Land. Our nak'd Breaſts expoſed to Bullets and Steel.
Ten. By the Faith o' my Body I kenn that * fow-weel. * full-well.

Land. Estates were sequest'red, and not a Groat left us.
Ten. Of our † Geuds, and our Gear, and geud-names they bereft us.

† Goods,

When I ‖ unbethink me of * thea frights and fears,
This ‖ peur auld Gray-beard hings dreeping wi' Tears.
I've gane to the Market, I've bought Beef and Mutton,
I've said to my Wife, *Dame hing on the Pot on,*
Here's Wheat-meal and Suet, we'll have a Peak-Pudding,
Put a ‖ neef-fow of Prunes in't, and make it a geud one;
Thea Traitors have come, (I speak nothing but truth)
And not left me ‖ ya bite on't to put in my Mouth,
*I've tew'd this peur Carcass, * baith weary and lame,*
And ‖ syne gane to Bed with a lewan hungry wame.
I cannot but * greet Sir, this sad tale to tell,
But ‖ mair for my Wife, and my Bairns, nor my * sel';
‖ Wha've glowr'd in my Face, and cry'd *what * mun we eat?*
When my Tears was their drink, and my Groans was their meat.

‖ call to mind those.
‖ poor old gray Beard hangs.
‖ handful.
† Theefe
‖ one- * both
‖ Then gone to Bed with an empty Belly. * weep
‖ more
‖ Who have looked very wanly. * must

Land. But when God of his Mercy restor'd us our Prince,
What plenty of good things have we had e'er since!
What Subject of his had cause to complain?
Ten. And what the Lord sent us was allways our ‖ aine.
May-chance now and then a Sax-penny Sets,
My Pot neither boyl'd, nor my Spit jogg'd the Jets;
I paid you my Rent, I keep't up my Credit;
I've lent my Friend five Mark, and * mair when I had it;
I pity'd the Trav'ller that came to my ‖ Deur,
I had * ayllways a Morsell, to give to the ‖ Peur.

‖ own
* more
‖ Door,
* allways
‖ Poor.

Land. We all liv'd in Peace with Blessings ten Thousand,
But our Blessing was * curst, when we made the wrong use on't;
Ten. We were fery'd in our kind, for our ‖ sel's was the cause.

* Plotting against so good a Prince.
‖ selves

Land. Great Charles! most renown'd may thy Memory be,
Thou found'st us all Slaves, but thou'st left us all Free.

We

We know thou'rt immortal, thou canst not be dead;
Thou'st but finisht thy days-work, and so gone to Bed.
Ten. Whisht Landlord.
Land. Speak Tears.
Ten. There's nae mair to be said.

But Sir, I've oft heard our * geud Ministers say,
Jack-Presbyter fain wou'd be at his ‖ *auld play.*
Is the fo'ke * aw gane fond, to play † syke a trick on't?
‖ Gin they wist but what we wote, I trow they'd grow sick on't.
How * gang they about us! the like was nev'r seen!
What—? cheat us twice fairly before our awn ‖ Een?
Can the † silly daft Carles think we'll still be Fools?

Land. When they fall a working they want not their Tools;
By Clubs, and Cabals, and by open attempting,
By spreading false News, and by Conventicle-Canting.

Ten. To cover their Knav'ry, they'll play at *Bo-peep*,
About the Bush (*Tony!*) or at *Hide and go seek*;
Sometimes they'll play fairly, and whiles they'll play *Booty*,
But gi' me him that's faithful because it's his Duty,
He'll work his ‖ wark fairly, without Knavish drift;
That Blade for my * *Siller, she's fast in the best.*
When Death becomes *Plaintiff*, and Traitor *Defendant*,
Then spye well about ye, and mark but the end on't,
He may chance to drop off, as other Men do;
But rather knit up like a Bird in a bough;
‖ Gang that as it likes, his Memory's curst,
And * sunckat comes after, I trow that's the worst.

Land. Let's visit the Shrines of thrice Noble *Montrose*,
Pious *Land*, Brave Lord *Capel*, and many of those,
Smell their Loyal-dust, and its fragrant Scent,
Makes the Spice of *Arabia* insipid and faint:
Perhaps Men may say, Here——such an one lyes,
But if he was Loyal, they'll ne'er say *he dies*:
True, Rebels and Traytors will nev'r be forgotten,
Tho their Mem'ry stinks worse then their Flesh whilst it rottifig.

* The Clergy of the Church of *England* were ever Loyal.
‖ *old*
* all run mad,
† such
‖ if they knew but what we know.
* go
‖ Eyes?
† foolish Clowns
‖ work
* Money,
‖ Let it go as it will,
* somewhat

Ten.

Ten. Shou'd I put my kin to discredit and shame,
They'll cast up to my Bairns, when I'm dead and ‖ gane,
Your Grandsir was hangit for being a Traytor;
God * safe us, and sain us fra ony sike matter.

‖ gone,

* Bless us and keep us from any such

Land. The greatest of Beauty's by God ever giv'n,
Was Order on Earth, and Order in Heav'n:
By Pride and Disorder great *Lucifer* fell,
Yet he cannot rule without Order in Hell.

Ten. * Then wha deny's Order is warse nor his sel'.

* Devils allow *Beelzebub* to be their Prince, but Whigs disown all Superiours.

Land. If then without order no Kingdom can stand,
That must be the best which the powerful hand
Of God, in his Wisdom, has for us appointed.

Ten. They're ‖ unsonsy that * mells with th' Almighty's Anointed.

‖ infortunate or bewitch't

* meddles

Land. I've read several Hist'rys, sacred and profane,
I've rang'd foreign Countrys with labour and pain,
And I allways observ'd the People more bleft,
And richer, and stronger, and far less oppreft
By the worst of their Kings, than the best of Usurpers.

‖ *Malediction*

Ten. My ‖ *Malison light upon Government truckers.*

Land. This truth (I believe) is by all men confest.

Ten. What geud luck ha' we then gets allways the best.

Land. But now our way parts, and there's no Host-house,
To drink the King's Health in a Loyal Carouse.

Ten. Had we but a Gallon of humming Corn-Drink,
I need no' to tell ye, ye ‖ knaw what I think:
Intruth my dear Land-lord, I'se vext to the * Bleud.

‖ know

* Blood

Land. We'll sing his good Health then.

Ten. And that's e'en as geud.

I.

To the Tune of Hey Boys up go we.

Land. Now who dare say *brave Charles* is gone,
Brave Charles is still the same;
Brave Charles sits safe on *Charles*'s Throne,
And only chang'd his Name.

We

We *English* men, how happy then,
Look here for Monarchy;
Our King nev'r dyes, nor from us flyes,
And hey-boys up ſtand we.

II.

Hold off——touch not our *Angel-Queen*,
Flat Muſe fly not ſo high,
The Quinteſſence of all the Fruits,
Of fertile *Italy*.
Compariſon's not worth a Doit,
Here's matchleſs Majeſty,
Both he and ſhe in *Heart Soit*, &c.
Still higher up go we.

III.

Repent and turn miſguided Whigs,
Your Projects will not do;
Both Heav'n and Earth maintains the fight,
Againſt your Cauſe, and you:
We'll not refuſe your Friendſhip ſtill,
If you your faults will ſee;
Join hand in hand, let *James* command,
And none ſo high as we.

Tep. Weell ſung honeſt Landlord, but yet let me tell,
It's pity nane ſhou'd have ‖ ſike ſport but your ſel:
Will ye let me ſing mine as well as I can?
Land. Ye're welcome, begin, ye're a good Loyal Man.

Tep. And is great *Charles* our Sovraign dead?
Now fates do what ye can?
The Chriſtal drops bedew the Cheeks
Of ‖ ilka Loyal Man.

‖ every

† Floods
‖ no more,
* for e,

Stop † Fleuds of Tears, and flow ‖ na maire,
Submit to Heav'ns decree:
We have a Plaister for our * fare,
And ſtill Boys ſound are we.

II.

When Royal *James* to *Scotland* came,
Geud Lard, how ‖ blyth were we!
We danc't, we drank his Health, and Sang,
With mirth and merry glee:
We flang our ſel's down at his Feet,
Our ‖ Craigs laid to his Knee,
And ay the † Laigher that we ‖ jowk't,
The higher up went we.

III.

‖ all

You mighty Potentates abroad,
For ‖ aw your brave Adventures,
Ye are but 'Prentices at Trade,
And newly Sign'd Indentures;

‖ Almoſt

‖ Amaiſt by ſax-ſcore Royal Kings,
We'll prove his Pedigree:

* World
‖ from
† none ſo

I've crack't the * Warld ‖ fra end to end,
And * nane ſae high as we.

† thoſe
‖ ſelf

Shou'd ſome hing lugg'd Whig ſneak under their Dykes,
He'll ſay to his ‖ ſel' — *gon's two Tory Tykes,*
But I care not a Button how many can hears,
A Fig for my Phyſick when a Man can piſs clear.

Land. We've ſung the King's Health, we'll pray't if ye will.

Ten. That's ev'ry way better, and better on ſtill.

Land. Then long live *Great James*, the Mirrour of Princes,
May his Reign ne'er be troubl'd with Whiggiſh Pretences,
May Plots and Conſpiracys blaſt in the Bud,
And may we be happy in knowing our Goods

‖ evry

May

May no foreign Land make these Nations a By-word.

Ten. Amen I pray God. Now Geud-night to ye Landlord.

Ha-a-aw Landlord hanck your † Naig a while,
For I ha' ridden full lang twa mile,
Out of my † Gate, to overtake ye,
(For while I'm quick I'll ne'er forsake ye)
I've spurr'd my Beast 'till he's gore (*a*) bleud,
But I ha' (*b*) yane at hame as geud.
Now this is it, (*c*) seun as we parted
Another whimsey straight upstarted,
Geud faith my very Heart did burn,
And (*d*) lang'd to have the t'other turn,
And crack a bit, o' this same Fashion.

† Horse
† way
(*a*) blood,
(*b*) one
(*c*) soon
(*d*) long'd

Land. In *Durham* on the Coronation.

Ten. Sir keep your (*e*) tryst, and ye'll e'en win me.
Land. I will not fail, if life be in me.

(*e*) appointment

The end of the first Dialogue.

A SECOND Dialogue, &c.

At an Inn in *Durham*, *April* the 23. 1685.

BEING

The Coronation-day of their most Sacred Majesties, King *James* the Second and Seventh, and his most Illustrious Queen *Mary*.

By a most splendid Solemnity, that Day there.

Enters the Landlord *to the* Tenant *At Eight a Clock at Night.*

Tenant.

YE're wellcome Sir, now sit ye down,
For I have sought throughout this Town,
‖Forseuth I've had a †wyresome chace,
And fain wou'd I ha' seen your Face;
God's * Benniſon light on your Heart,
We'll crack a bit †afore we part.

‖ Indeed
† wearisome

* B'essing
† before

Land. I had some business to do,
Which made me take the start of you,
Draw in your Chair, sit down I say;
And tell me how you've spent this day?

Ten. Nay (*a*) hald a cast, I trow ye jear'd,
Think ye that I'll be fae (*b*) mistear'd?
It is the order of our Land,
When Laird sits down, let Plew-men stand,
If (*c*) ony chance to see, he'll tell,
Give Bumpkin inch he'll take an ell.

Land. And if it were the same of us,
There wou'd not be so great abuse,
Some Landlords are such needless Wasters,
They make their Tenants oft their Masters;
When we're to do our Sov'raigns Pleasure,
We may expect their help at leasure;
Howev'r you shew your Breeding there,
Yet notwithstanding here's a Chair;
When you obey you're free from stripe,
Here—take my Box and fill your Pipe.
If any Gentlemen here come in,
And we Discourses shou'd begin,
Stand up 'till some bid you sit down,
And none will call you *sawcy Clown.*
There was brave Sights, I make no doubt
But ye were stirring still about,
What did ye hear? What was't ye saw?

Ten. I'll ne'er be (*d*) yable to tell it (*e*) aw,
I lik't what ever I did see,
Except a (*f*) willfow deformity.

Land. Willful! Surely that's not fitting.

Ten. As sure as we're at Table sitting.
Scotch Custome is (I pray'e observe)
A Rule fra (*g*) whilk we never swerve;
If we ha' scant a Mark o' Gear,
We give our Bairns still (*h*) sunckat (*i*) lear;

(*a*) pardon me.
(*b*) ill-beard.
(*c*) any
(*d*) able
(*e*) all,
(*f*) willful
(*g*) which
(*h*) somewhat
(*i*) learning

And I my ‖ ſel' † peur as you ſee,
Had ſome of that beſtow'd on me,
Ovidius in his *Metamorphos*,
Has laid this thing ‖ ſae plain before us!
Os homini ſublime dedit,
(Ye wote he was * nae Fool that ſaid it)
And next to that, *Cælum tueri*;
Now what needs aw this ‖ feery-fary?
Shou'd I take pains to * creuk my tel,
As ‖ gin I lang'd to leuk like hell?
The * well faur'd Ladys ſtrangely ſtoops,
And out behind they ſtick their Croops,
(From whence they came I cannō ſay,
But *Durham*-Ladies were not they:
Ev'ry of them beſide her Marrow,
Walks e'en as ſtraight as ev'r was Arrow.)
I ‖ Cleek't † yane of them by the Arm,
" And * ſpeer'd ‖ gin back-ſide were wi' barn,
" Here's † Middin-midwife juſt at hand,
" Deliver and you'l ſtraighter ſtand:
She did nathing but laugh and flyre,
And cock't her tail twa Inches higher.

Land. Defects of Nature may be mended,
But uſe right ſhape when God do's ſend it.
Well, how prov'd you upon the Road?
What paſt before ye went abroad?

Ten. Up I got this Morning early,
I joggit on * hewly and † fairly;
And ‖ ayle I whiſtled as I came,
The King enjoys his own again.
Came to this † deur, lap off, and then
Enquir'd for * ſyke a Gentleman,
My very Heart was at my Mouth,
When they ſaid, *he's not here in truth.*

‖ ſelf, † poor

‖ ſo

* no Fool

‖ Coll kep't.

* crook my telf.

‖ if I long'd ſo look

* well favour'd

‖ catch't ſudden hold
† one
* inquir'd ‖ if
‖ Dung-hill

* ſlowly
‖ always
† door
* ſuch

I gave my Beast to the young Man,
Wha fetch't us in this ‖ Siller Cann;
I end-ways to the Stable ran,
I saw your † Naig, else I'm a Whelp,
I took his * Leungyie like a skelp,
Cobby, quo'd I, *if thou be † Mair,*
I's sure thy Maister is no' yare,
And then I said to the young Man,
Set up my ‖ Mier † seun as ye can,
Rub her well down and give her hay,
I will no' leave this Town to day.
*And if I find thee free fra * Sleuth,*
I'll lay thee sax-pence in thy Nieve.
The Geud-Wife us'd me Courteously,
I † jowk't to her, she * baik't to me,
She set a ‖ steul, and laid a Cushion,
I drew my Box, and † took a Sneshion,
She fetcht * cald Rost-beef, Bread and Cheese,
Put to your hand, eat what ye please,
If ye ha' Travel'd far to day,
Ye may ‖ saw Hungry by the way.
She † spack like so'ke o'th' *English* Nation,
But I * mun tell't o'mine own Fashion.
I ‖ speer'd what news in this geud Town?
Quo' she, this day King James *take Crown.*
† *Sik like will e'en our Gracious Queens*
A blester Couple never was seen,
God grant them * lang in peace to Reign,
The ‖ langer † mair's their Subjects gain.
A Prince indeed was his dear Brother,
The Lord has granted * sike another,
Were I a man, my very bleud,
I'de freely spend, to do them geud
And we ha' chos'n at our Elections,
Four Loyal Men without exceptions.

‖ Silver
† Naig, or Flank,
† jolly
Buttock
† there
* must
‖ Mare † soon
* Sloth,
‖ hand.
† bow'd
* kneel'd
† stool.
* cold
† cold
‖ love
† took
† fall
† spoke
* mun
† ask't
‖ Such-like
† Such-like
* thee
† whisper
† lonesome
* long
longer
‖ more in
† such
† Command'd
* Trimm'd
‖ set

And

And all the ‖ Country
Are come to make a Loyal shout
Stay but a while ye'll hear them do't
Gend deed, thought I, if I be here,
This † Carlin is a Cavalier.
What will the Whigs, said I, *think now*
For they * mun either break or bow.
The Whigs, quo' she, *are fae run down*
Not ‖ yane about, nor in this Town.
Said I, unless ye over-aw them
Trust some as far as ye can throw them.
Nae hough-bands now for Godly helping
And has Sweet-lips gi'en o're his yelping
Blind Homer's *Sences quite decay'd*
The † haly Sisters all ov'r-lay'd
Quo she again, my Friend I ken
Ye * speer the Gate ye kenn right weel
Ye seem a *Scotch-man* by your Tongue
Ha' ye liv'd in this Keuntry long
I ‖ leuve your *Scotch-men* in my Heart
'Cause with our King ye † teuk a part
Dame, I to her, I can assure ye
Ye did the same your * sel's at Dunbar
Send in a † Chappin of your Wine
I'll drink their Healths before I Dine.
It was in ‖ mowes that I did † speer
But * sen ye are a Cavalier,
I'll ‖ rowne ye † sunckie in your ear
I * ken this County well enough
Misken I tell'd ye. Then she leugh.
I knew this ere I hither came
Or else I had no' steer'd fra hame
I † garr'd a Barber come to me
He * Cow'd my Beard as you may see
I set my ‖ sel' in seemly posture
For Decency is best ye know Sir;

‖ Country
‖ Silver
† jolly
* must there
‖ yane † there
‖ Sirk, ‖ Smirk
† holy
* inquire
* why ye know
‖ love
† took
‖ jest
† inquire
* face
‖ whisper
† somewhat
* know
‖ take ni notice
† Command'd
* Trimm'd
‖ self

Espe-

Especially at this gend time,
When † ilka body will be fine.
And * syne I drew this || Craigelaith out,
She ty'd it fast my Neck about;
She sigh't a little bit, and said,
My Husband has been twelve Months dead,
And † speer'd, *ha'ye a wife at hame?*
I * smirk't, and then she blush't for blame.
If ye be || ganging out o' doors,
Take my Advice, she add, *be sure,*
That your Purs-pocket be well buttoned,
There will be Lowns, ye need na doubt on't,
When ye are (d) *glowring at a Sign,*
Or see them scampring for the Wine.
Or in the Croud a little to linger,
Into your (e) Poutch he'l popp his Finger.
And when ye have met with the loss,
Ye may (f) gang hame by weeping Cross.
They'l tice you in at Cards to play,
And let you win a Deal or (g) twa;
But if they find that ye will bend,
Then harken to the hinder end.
We ha' nae (h) Hewrs, that your gend luck,
Therefore your Flesh ye canno' truck,
But if ye (i) gang to other places,
And ye stand staring in their Faces,
(k) Yane will draw up to you and say,
Mine honest Country-man, (l) gend day,
I fancy ye're same Friend o' mine,
Will ye take a (m) *Mutch-kin o' Wine?*
Yet have a care of her, she's nought,
Tho your Gray-hairs may have Credit bought.
Dame, I reply'd, how can ye think
I trow ye Judge me by your self,
Tho I said sae, she did no' mowl,
But (n) leugh, and call'd me (o) *Smicker-drown.*

† every
* then
|| Crevat
‡ inquired,
* smiled,
|| going † dare,
(d) looking, or wondring.
(e) Pocket
(f) go home
(g) two;
(h) Whores
(i) travel
(k) Yane
(l) good morrow, or good even,
(m) Pint
(n) laugh't,
(o) Waggish Body.

Put

(p) Gloves, *Put on your* (p) *Gloves, here take your Staff,*
'Twill keep a ruffling Fellow off.
(q) cloak-bag *Gi me your Cloak and* (q) *Knapsack too,*
I'll lay them safely up for you.
If it were full o' burning Gold,
It shan't be hurt were it untold.
If ye have ought to buy or sell,
Advise with me, God send you well.
Maistris, quo'd I, ye are kind-hearted,
I thank ye for't; and sae we parted.
Land. As I was walking in the Street,
Some old acquaintances I meet,
All brave and Loyal Gentlemen,
Who stoutly backt King *Charles*, ev'n when
His Rebel-Subjects War declar'd,
My self with them a Fortune shar'd,
At the *Black-Horse* a while did tarry,
And drunk some Healths to *James* and *Mary*.
At afternoon to th' Cross we came,
Where twice or thrice we did the same;
But after that appear'd no more,
For I'm grown old, my Bones are sore,
With riding hither, tho my heart
As sound as ev'r in ev'ry part.
Ten. An' please your Worship, I'll declare
What I saw publick e'ry where.
(r) look Nev's (r) leuk for half there was of me much,
But here and there I'll give a touch.
The Sherif sent the Gentry warning,
To meet him heer by time this Morning.
Accordingly the same they did,
And muster'd on the *Bells* near-hand.
Down *Elvet* to the Market-place,
With cheerfulness in (s) ilka face
(s) every
At sev'ral Taverns drunk a health,
There was nae grudging of their Wealth;

Nor

Nor did they stick to be at Charge
Of *Tory-Ribbons* rich and large,
Whose various Colours glitt'ring shone,
Like Roses in the Morning *Sun*.
The Loyal Tradesmen present were,
To wait on Aldermen, and Mayor,
With Banners flying in the Air.
Trumpets and Drums, ay Bag-Pipes too,
With what ev'r elſe cou'd help their Shew.
Reports did Eccho from their Tongues
Supplying want of muckle Guns,
Fra Morn till Night the Bells ding-dongs.
The Mayor invites them to th' † Tow-beuth,
Drunk-Healths huzzaing ſtill, forſeuth,
It cou'd not * hald the haſe in truth;
The (*a*) laive ſtood waiting for the name
Of ev'ry Health——Huzza——the ſame.
And next was made a wellcome Motion,
Up to the Abbey in Devotion:
(For let Men frolick what they will,
The Fear of God's the beſt thing ſtill.)
The like in *Deurham* ne'er was ſeen,
As they went o'er the Palace-greens,
The Officers of the Train-Bands,
In Coats of richeſt Scarlet ſtands,
'Till ev'ry one in his degree,
(*b*) Teuk place and he walkt orderly.
Now having begg'd th' Almighty's Grace,
Back they return to th' Market-place,
In Splendour, and with ſtately Pace,
At twelve a Clock they went to dine,
With plenty of brave Cheer and Wine,
Tho Wine may keep the Pudding warm,
A little Meat Sir, do's nae harm.

† Tol-Booth.

* Hold

(*a*) reſt

(*b*) Took

It's dangerous for to carouſe
With empty Tripes the hall-day thro,
‖ ſtrongeſt (Mortar and Stanes make ‖ ſtrongeſt houſe.)
The Trumpeters rich Livery'd towrs
And there ſpent they ſome twa r three hours
Having tane featly of their fare
To Kirk and heard the Evning prayer
That ended here began the game
The Mayors muckle Bane-fire fet on Flame
Alas! alas! th' Aſſociation!
The Godly's Darling of the Nation
The Maſter-piece of *Tony*'s Poli-
ticks contriv'd for purpoſe holy;
* pretty And eke the * deft Exclufion-Bill
The Royal Lines Purgation-Pill:
bioit * The grounds of Houſe of Commons ſtill
(a) reſt Condens't, prepar'd by Art and Skill:
In Fire-ſhip Sails, tells *Tony* news,
Of *Deurham*'s churliſh vile abuſe;
The Black-box fly's with flaming wings,
Cramm'd with a race of Ouly-Kings.
(a) Mouth of the Fountain, which ſerves the Town Then to the (a) Pant, open'd the ſpout,
Hey-daſh, the Claret-wine ſprang out,
It hiſs't, and fizz'd, and flow'd amain
As if *Bacchus* had breath'd a vein.
(b) None In Coats of richeſt Scarlet dreſt
(b) Nane offer'd Rudeneſs there, 'Till ev'ry one in his degree
(b) Took The Gentry firſt had got their will
(c) done Which was the ſame repeated ſtill.
That (c) deun on Shoulders they did climb
With he o'er her, and ſhe o'er him
The Squibs and Crackers flew about
A Wag was there gave me my ſhare
(d) threw one For he (d) flang yane upon my (e) breeks
(e) britches, (E'en ſhame enough be in his Cheeks)
And truly Sir it burnt my Leg,
And garr'd me feck like Hen with Egg.

The Mayor invites this gen'rous train,
All into the Town-house agains;
Ineed no Bellman cryed it plain;
They out at Windows Sweet-meats throw,
Covring the Streets like haggs of Snow;
'Till by the Ears the Gatherers go;
They bid Drums beat, and Trumpets sound,
For we will take the tother round.
Some led, others follow'd the scent,
Up to the Castle Gates they went.
Hamper of Wine, with rich strong Beer,
Was drunk about the (*f*) Bane-fire there;
Nor fuell, nor strangg drink was spar'd,
For *come who will* i'th' Colledge yard.
To Crown this great Solemnity,
Again they to the Tavern hye;
The tother Health and fae geud night,
And that set some of them just right:
But pray you Sir, mistake not me,
For there was nae *indecencie*
But men in syke a case as this,
Will strein a buckle.

(*f*) Bonefire.

Land. No great mis,

Ten. The Towns-mens Bane-fires towards the Even,
Burnt fra five hours, 'till lang past seaven;
And Healths they drunk (*g*) pell mell-skelter,
But nev'r a (*b*) Saul in mire did welter.

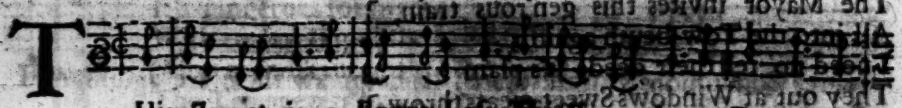
(*g*) very hear-ily. (*b*) Soul

Land. Here ev'ry thing was order'd fit,
They like brave *Barls* carry'd it.

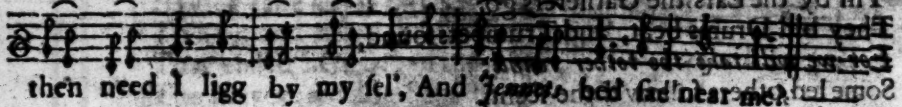
Ten. Ha' ye a mind to take your rest?

Land. Nay not this hour; I think ye'ad best
Begin some Song, or pleasant Story.

Ten. And I have bath Sir, ready for ye.



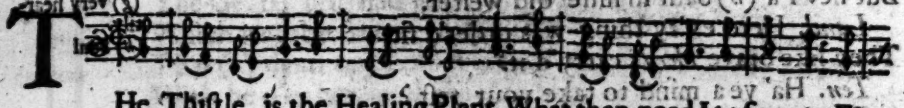
His *Jennet* is a Bonny Lass, This *Jennet* is my Deary, What



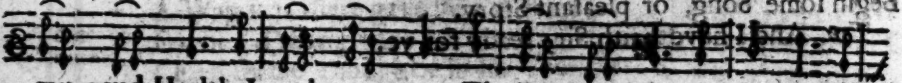
then need I ligg by my sel', And *Jennet* bed sae near me?

Land. How——? hold your peace, what's this you say?
Sing me a Song fit for the Day.
(*f*) Sometime. Had you seen what I saw of late,
Ye wou'd not sing at that wild rate.
What——? can there be no Merriment,
But what proceeds from base Intent?
Is't not a shame that Christian Breath,
Shou'd to a scandal turn their Faith?

(*i*) almost *Tew.* This Wine's (*i*) amaist got in my Head,
I make mair hast nor meet geud-speed,
My Tongue is grown sae slip and slidder,
It glents and glyd's I knaw not whither;
(*k*) Song It's no' the (*k*) Sang that I intended,
But pardon this, and I will mend it.
(*l*) give (*l*) Gi' me but leave to wet my Whistle,
And i'll sing you the Royal Thistle.



He Thistle is the Healing Plant, What then need I to fear me, For



my geud Health I nev'r can want, The Thistle grows so near me: It

cures

cures Convulsions (in the Scate) It helps aw thefe are aguish, And

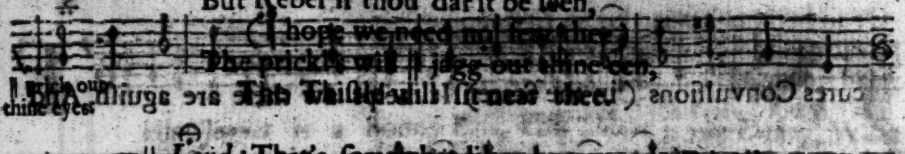
Raging Feavers it will bate, Al-be--it they were Plaguish.

Wha canno' leave the Thistle weel
Are oddly gi'en to Folly,
Take thou of it and thou'll ne'er feel,
Disease of Melancholy:
Against the Rickets it is geud,
The Ligaments it looses,
And purify's corrupted Blud,
Sae never spare thy doses.

It helps the Hearing and the Sight,
Green Wounds, and the Vertigo,
'Twill keep thy *bleuming Beauty bright,
If thou'lt but do as we do,
Against the Bitings of mad Dogs,
Strong Poyson, Wotms and Vermin:
What then are they but filly Rogues,
That leuves no' what's nae harm in!

The Thistle branches out it's Leaves,
And nev'r keeps them together,
To all it's Friends it shelter gives,
In time of Stormy Weather:

* blooming



Land. That's somewhat like, but yet my Friend,
I hope ye have not made an end,
What is your Story?

Ten. Pon my * yaith,
* oath,
|| *Tapski's* It's Piper || *Tony's* Life and Death.

Land. Then let me hear't from end to end.

Ten. With brev'ty Sir, I do intend.
First place I will describe his Person,
(It was an ugly ill shap't Whoreson.)
His Looks, his Gate, and all was odious.
* many As * mony shapes as e'er had *Proteus*
A restiff, Cross-grain'd teethy Ape,
And purity's corrupted Shape,
A Devil sure in Monkeys shape,
Yet knew right well this wylie Elf,
That nane cou'd play like to his Self.
(*a*) Weddings When (*a*) Brydals, or Horse-Races fell,
Still piper *Tony* bears the Bell,
Of aw the pipers I did see,
(*b*) degree. This piper *Tony* wan the (*b*) gree,
(*c*) Tune, And yet by missing of his (*c*) Spring,
(*d*) almost He had (*d*) amaist (*e*) undone the King,
(*e*) undone For right or (*f*) wrang he made (*g*) nae matter,
(*f*) wrong So he cou'd fish in (*h*) Drumly-Water.
(*g*) he made no matter,
(*h*) troubl'd water.

Land. I prethee man how can that be?
It's wonderful and strange to me,
That he by missing of a Spring,
Cou'd e'er have hurt so great a King.

Ten. Sir it is true, for I suppose
He plays nae Tune where e'er he goes,
But *Oliver lend me thy Nose.*

Or

Or sometimes having tane a fresh cup,
He'll rumble you out, *down drops the Bishop*,
Had he hit right it wou'd ha' been,
The King enjoys his own agen.

Land. I must confess that was a brid one,
But tell me what his Pipes were made on?

Ten. Imprimis (for I'll gang by order)
The *Chanter was an awld Recorder*,
It's first Maister came fra the (i) West,
Some thinks he play'd on it the best,
Of (k) ony he on *English* Ground,
They say his Marrow canna't be found;
(l) Wha kenns a Pipe will fur'ly grant Sir,
(m) Maist of the skill lies in the *Chanter*:
His was of *Willy Lenthal* fashion,
Bor'd by the Wisdom of the Nation,
They try'd and try'd it o're again,
And still they (n) fand that it (o) spack plain;
But yet it was an (p) uncouth thing,
It play'd for (q) ony but the King:
Tho' trott to *Tyburn* e'en wha will,
It skreems a Huntsup with great skill;
Yet when the Doctor's cafe came on,
It did but wheezle in its tone,
(r) *Ziſca* the famous *Monachomaxist*,
Wha in *Bohemia* play'd his Dog-tricks
When he march't off he gard his gold
Be made a Drum, dead heards quick fell,
Our Pipes b'ing near to that same fashion,
For playing thorow-Reformation,
The Baggs were of that ſame Leather,
Whilk keep't *Nol's* (ſ) pow fra Wind and Weather.

(i) *West-Cheſter*
(k) any
(l) who knows
(m) Moſt
(n) found
(o) ſpoke
(p) unknown
(q) any
(r) He was a Rebel-pretended Reformer in *Bohemia*, who, having inflam'd his Countrey, and deſtroyed his Prince, his laſt Sickneſs (the Plague) took him; and to reſtore his Country, and encourage his Followers, he injoin'd them to flea off his Skin, and make a Drum of it. He was call'd the *Monachomaxist*, from the great pleaſure he took in killing Monks for his ſport.
(ſ) ſcalp

And

And lac't about, wi' skrimering smiles,
Wov'n by a Whiggish Common Council.
The Bellows were *Buccanan's* Lungs,
The flaps were *Baxter's*, *Welsh's* Tongues.
The Reeds, Dissenters Throats and Weasands,
The Drones, the shanks of (t) Reuntry Peasants.
The Blast was *Rombalt* best Swan quill,
Flap't with an (u) ald *Exclusion-Bill*.
The Wind-fald, and the Bellow's Stockead,
Were pieces of a brok *Black-Box-lid*.
The Joints were turn'd to their degrees,
In *Calvin's* Reformation Trees.
A bunch was hung where (x) Ribbon glances,
Of printed Votes, and Ordinances,
Ty'd on with—*Thanks to these who sends us*.
Now *Saundy* cry's to *Kirshin*—*Hony*
What (y) *winsome Pipes has little* Tony!
My Dow, quo-she, they're wond'rous bonny (z),
What Heav'nly Musick will be made!
Tony hears that and nods his Head:
Now we may dance o'er dyke and hedge,
But well-a-neer, at Bothwell Bridge,
They jobb'd a sharp whittle in behind,
And after that his Baggs skaild Wind.
An unexpected by-blow, which,
Garr'd *Tony* scratch where't did not itch.
He stitch't them closely up again,
And on to *Westminster* they came,
There skreem'd, and raird beyond all ayme.

Land. Why did they to that place resort?

Ten. The *Landlord* was to hold a Court,
And there his *Tenants* were attending,
Sundry debates, preuving and scelding;
And when their business is (a) deun,
They always gang to get a (a) Spoun-

(t) Country Peasants:
(u) old
(x) The Piper at a Wedding has always a piece of the Brides Garter ty'd about his pipes.
(y) very pretty
(z)
(a) done,
(a) Spoonful,

ful of ſtout humming nappy Ale;
And then the Piper will no' fail
To *Jenk* a Huntſup o're the plain;
Till am their jibblets jet agäin.
But yet, Sir, ye (*b*) mun underſtand (*b*) muſt
Another Card in *Tony*'s hand.
A noble Lady there did live,
(*c*) Ycleap't *Madam Prerogative.* (*c*) Named
Sprung from a Royal ſtock was ſhe,
A Miracle of Courteſie;
And for her Equipage and Honour,
Some dainty Damſels waited on her.
(*d*) Amang the (*e*) laive was Propertie, (*d*) Among (*e*) reſt
A ſtrapping Wench as (*f*) yane ſhall ſee; (*f*) one
She came of honeſt Parentage,
And got to an indiff'rent age:
She was Houſe-keeper to my (*g*) Lady, (*g*) My Lady Prerogative.
And to ſpeak truth was always ready,
To get ſo'ke what they wou'd be at;
And bairns their Meat, and (*h*) ſyke as that. (*h*) ſuch
She was high in my Lady's Favour,
And large Allowances ſhe gave her.
What ever was my Lady's fare,
Still Property (*i*) mann have her ſhare; (*i*) muſt
And if her head had tane an aiking,
My Lady's heart wou'd fall a quaking.
Had ye but ſeen't ye wou'd ha ſworn,
She had her of her Body born
There's nathing there cou'd run a-reel,
If Maiſtriſs Property were weel.
'Till in Concluſion it befell,
That Property (*k*) misken'd her (*l*) ſel'; (*k*) forgot (*l*) ſelf
And needs wou'd be the better Woman.
Land. Indeed my friend that's very common;
When Servants long time with us live,
They think they merit all we give.

It's true, some use old Servants warfe
Than useless Dog, or out-worn Horse.
Again, when Servants learn to know
Their Business, then they sawcy grow;
In either party ought to be
Discretion and Civility.

Ten. At this my Lady was surpriz'd,
And Property she thus advis'd.
My dow (quo she) *It's very strange,*
That I should find in you this change!
My Business is quite neglected,
(a) *nothing done* *And* (a) *nathing deun as I directed;*
There is some Maggot in your pate,
(b) *much* *That alters you sae* (b) *meikle of late,*
If ye intend to pick a Quarrel
With me, be wise, or at your Peril;
Fall to your Duty as before,
You'll see I'll give the matter o'er;
And ye shall nev'r crave twice of me
(c) *Wages* *The smalleſt Penny of your* (c) *Fee.*
But Property was in the huff,
And oft she wou'd go in a snuff;
She grew at last that nane cou'd bide her,
My Lady then was forc't to chide her.
Into a private Room they drew,
And thus to her she laid the Law.
(d) *peremptory* *Have I brought thee up* (d) *pawtie Queany*
(e) *Eyes?* *Like Bird to pick out mine awn* (e) *Een?*
(f) *Common-Sense.* *Had'ſt thou in thee the leaſt* (f) *Reaſonation,*
Thou'd ſcorn aw ſik lyke Preſumption.
(g) *whole World* *By the* (g) *hail Waurld it will be thought,*
(h) *ſo* *Thou has been better fed nor* (h) *taught*
(i) *ſelf* *Think'ſt thou I'm in neceſſity*
(b) *bold impudent Jade.* *To turn thy* (b) *ſaucie-ſnout* *mare*
If ſae it be, then look about ye,
And try gin I cann't live without ye.
When Servants long time with us,
They think they merit all we

I trow ye'll be the first will run,
(Ps Cox't if my Words preuve no' true:)
Experience will this unriddle,
Sae take a Spring of thine awn Fiddle.
How fain wou'd she had her reclaim'd,
But all Expedients were disdain'd:
For aw she cou'd do for her Life,
Was but against the stream to strive.
Tho Property had got this fooling,
She scorn'd a jot to leave her fooling,
But turn'd her foot, disdain'd to bow:
And in Derision wry'd her (*i*) Mow:
When wanton (*k*) Yaud has cast her Rider,
And tane like freeks that (*l*) nane can guide her,
Under her Feet she gets her (*m*) Branks,
And stark-horn-mad she ply's her Shanks:
Now down before, now up behind,
Now Nose, now Tail fly's in the Wind:
She Sneers and Whinny's —— *Whilly-Lilly,*
(Fo'ke think's the De'il's possest o'th' Filly.)
At this same rate far'd Property,
As (*n*) soun as she had tane the (*o*) gee.
Land. By what degrees ran she astray,
And banish't Vertue thus away?
For *Nemo* (as they say with us)
Repentè fit Turpissimus.
Ten. She cuts her Prayers shorter and shorter,
(Perhaps she (*p*) weent (*q*) lang yanes wou'd hurt her,)
And next (what ever shou'd betide)
She fairly lay'd them all aside.
Again, she wou'd ha' spent haill days,
In reading damn'd Lascivious Plays:
She (*r*) sang light sangs, read loud Romances,
At Night to Balls and wanton Dances.
She was allow'd an Honest Mirth,
Fit for her Fortune and her Birth;

(*i*) Mouth.
(*k*) Horse or Mare.
(*l*) none
(*m*) Bridle or Halter.
(*n*) soon
(*o*) any manner of ill Condition.
(*p*) thought
(*q*) long ones
(*r*) sung light songs,

But (f) seindle now ye can her see,
Out of suspected Company.
Land. Permitting lesser Crimes, tho with Remorse,
Will stain the Conscience, and make way for worse.
Ten. Sir, after this there did (t) befaw,
Another Chop, (u) was warst of aw.
Alas! alas! and well-aday!
It happ'nd on a Haly-day!
As *Tony* in the Fields was stalking,
And Property (m) gade out a-walking,
As fine as ever hands cou'd make her,
He briskly by the Arm did take her,
And complementally affords
A pretty parcel of fair Words.
Sae, finding her a gamesome flirt,
The winking Thief gave her a *jirt*.
He led her back into the (x) Haw,
And there he play'd her *Up Tails* (y) aw.
Now having popp't her Belly (z) fow,
And fill'd her wame up till her (a) mow,
To chop her off by (b) heuk or creuk,
Was the next Care that *Tony* (c) teuk.
A (d) Swinger (e) won'd about the Court,
A Lown of very ill report,
A (f) Keustran infamously famous,
Knaw'n by the Name of Ignoramus.
About the Court he had an Office,
And Salry for't that might him suffice.
All that cou'd not his Stomack stay,
But he with baith the hands (g) mun play.
Give him a Greezing in the Fist,
He'll hang and save just as he list.
(h) Yane Night he stole the Keys o'th' Prison,
And set thee Thiev's out by the Dozen:
He cou'd ha' Counterfitted Seal,
Or forg'd a Deed extreamly weel;

(f) seldom
(t) befall,
(u) was worst of all,
(m) went
(x) Hall;
(y)
(z) full,
(a) Mouth,
(b) hook or crook,
(c) took,
(d) A bold insinuating Sharper,
(e) dwelt
(f) Fulsom Sloven,
(g) must
(h) one

Sir, lang time he had cast an Eye,
At (i) winsom Maistris Property,
But she wou'd neither Hyte nor Rhee.
Now *Tony* found it not a hard ane,
(k) Amell them twa to drive a Bargan.
Sly *Tony* now will try his Art,
(He (l) leuv'd Mischief just in his Heart:)
He had a (m) faus-bane in his Cheek,
And (n) wist when, and when not to speak.
To *Ignoramus* slimmy draws,
And wheadlingly thus op't his *jaws*.
Dear (o) *Keusin* (for they were o' kinn)
Faint-heart did nev'r fair Lady winn,
To Property ye were pretender,
I marvel muckle ye ha' no' gain'd her.
A Man (p) *sae smart in all your ways,*
That the (q) *haill Nation rings your Praise:*
Perhaps her Modesty might hinder,
(r) *Mair tractable ye now may find her.*
Take Courage Man, again (s) *saw to,*
I ha' done like a jobb for you,
(t) *Sae feelingly I did her handle,*
That on your Knee ye may her dandle.
Quod Ignoramus--Keusin *Tony*,
If thou'lt but help me to my Honey,
If ev'r thine errand ligg i'th' Court,
Rely on Ignoramus *for't.*
For thee I'll venture Life, and all
My Wealth, what e'er come of my (u) *Soul.*
Quo *Tony* then make haste——away,
And (x) donne thy Haly-day-Array,
There may be danger in delay.
The Cull at this, sae nimble grew,
(y) Yane wist not whether he ran or flew.
He hy'd him up into her Chamber,
B'ing full assur'd to find her tamer;

(i) very pretty
(k) Between
(l) lov'd
(m) false Bone
(n) knew
(o) *Cousin*
(p) *so*
(q) *whole*
(r) *More*
(s) *fall*
(t) *So*
(u) *Soul.*
(x) put on
(y) One

There:

There she was raking up and down,
(z) Clothes In Night (z) Claiths, and her Morning-Gown.
(For when young Lasses get like Cues,
Whilk garrs them pewk, and change their hues,
For better Coll'ring o' the matter,
(a) from And (a) fra the Doctor hide their Water;
They'll say their trouble is this, or that,
Worms, Tooth-aik, or I knaw not what.)
Quoth *Ignoramus* —— *now my sweet,*
Here's my four Quarters at your Feet,
It's no' your (b) *Togher I account,*
(b) Portion *Tho ye're* (c) *nae warse for having ont:*
(c) no worse *But it's your proper-Person-Body,*
Turns Ignoramus *to a Noddy.*
Alack! when I was in my Fits,
(d) one *I rav'd like* (d) *jane out of his Wits:*
The Rageous Pangs that I ha' tane,
Won'd e'en have burst'n a Heart o' (e) *Stane!*
(e) Stone!
(f) love;
(g) prove *Sae take some pitty on your* (f) *leuve,*
And do not still sae Arse-ward (g) *preuve.*
Now Property began to ponder,
How slyly *Tony* brought her under.
She (h) understeud her Market marr'd,
(h) understood And of a higher Match debarr'd.
(i) used She did not as she (i) wont before,
(k) scold Hector and (k) scald him out o' Dore;
But soberly forbore her flyting,
And e'en became the kindest Kyting;
The packest thing and the best will'd,
The gentlest Bird that ever Bill'd.
When he perceiv'd that he shou'd carry'er,
He made what haste he cou'd to Marry'er.
(l) leap O! how his Heart did (l) lowp within,
(m) Marriage As seun as he the Field did win?
They pitch upon the (m) Bridal-day,
(It was no time for her to stay.)

Land.

Land. What *holder-forth* was't did the Jobb?
Ten. (n) Yane that had often (o) smack't her gobb.
The precious *Salamanca-Doctor*,
(Some will no' stick to say he k——t her)
And *Tony* mannaged the Sport,
Just in the face o'th' open Court.
By gazing on Bridegroom and Bride,
Court business was laid aside.
The Laird cou'd not abide th' affront,
Nor *Tony* wha was Causer on't;
For (p) ay the mair he was forbidd'n,
He blasted stiffliyer at this Wedding.
Hey-da! How fo'ke did jumble their Tripes,
When they danc't after *Tony*'s Pipes!
Some gave him (q) placks, and some Babbees,
Some greater, and some lesser Fees.
The Sisters skew'd their (r) Wyly-coats;
And (s) seindle gave him less nor Groats:
Ay, when their heels grew (t) sunckat nimble,
A Bodkin, or a Siller-Thimble.
Auld Wives tripp't, aumbling o're the Stanes,
Tho they were nought but Skins and (u) Banes.
Some were sae keen upon the point,
They danc't their (x) Craigs quite out o' Joint.
There was a sort of Stomach't younkers,
Wha sat them close upon their (y) bonkers,
Wi' *Tory*-Ribbons in their Bonnets,
And (z) ayle they skowld at *Tony*'s Sonnets:
They shak't their Snouts, and stamp't like Madd;
At last speak's out a Mettall'd Ladd:
I thought we'ad other sow to sheare,
Nor see this Lown-like Lordan squeer
His (a) *Creesh-baggs, and Laugh, and Fleer,*
And o'er the Comp'ny domineer,
As if he were a Noble Peer.

(n) one
(o) kiss't her Mouth.
(p) still the more
(q) small pieces of money.
(r) Petticoats;
(s) seldome
(t) somewhat
(u) Bones.
(x) Necks
(y) fixt seats,
(z) always
(a) Greazy

Our Maister will be out o' patience,
If we (b) neglect his occasions.
He (c) kens (for he is nae unwise one)
(d) Whilk side of's Bread his Butter lys on,
He pays us (e) Fee, and finds us (f) Cleathing,
As honestly as (g) ony Breathing.
For Belly-Timber I will sweat it,
(If aw the Warld were here to hear it)
There's Beef, and Mutton, Veal and Bacon,
Goose, Rabbit, Turky, Hen and Capon,
Sae Fat, sae Faire (thanks be to God)
(h) Garrs all our Grinders gang Wet-shod.
Ye may sit down, and eat, and fill ye,
Till ye can (i) crack a Louse on Belly;
And cramm your (k) Kytes wi' Meat and Drink,
Then safely tumble, and take a wink.
And (l) sen we are thus kindly us'd,
Let not (m) gend Nature be abus'd.
Or if we shou'd (as others do)
To Horse-Race, Fair, or (n) Hoppin go,
There play our caste amang the Whipsters,
Throw for the Hammer, (o) loup for Slippers,
And see the Maids Dance for the Ring,
Or any other pleasant thing;
(p) Fart for the Pigg, lye for the Whet-stone,
Or chuse what side to lay our betts on:
If we but carry't decently,
He nev'r says yance, Black's your Eye.
We ha' the Warld fest in a hand,
And the hands end just in our hand.
Or gin we chance, through Humane Frailty,
To meet a Lass and gin her (q) Kelty,
And popp her sow, wet in the Cases,
Is us'd about your great Mens places;
Or if we to the Ale-house go,
And get a Pot i'th' Pate, or so

(b) neglect
(c) knows
(d) Which
(e) Wages
(f) Clothing,
(g) any
(h) makes
(i) make your Belly's stiff as a board.
(k) Belly
(l) since
(m) good
(n) Annual Feasts in Country Towns where no Market is kept.
(o) leap
(p) Lying for the Whetstone, I'm told, has been practic'd, but Farting for the Pigg is beyond the Memory of anyone with tho it's a Common-phrase in the North, to any that's well gifted that way, and probable there has been such a mad practice formerly.
(q) Persuade one to't tho unwilling.

Or

Or Bairns fall out at handy-dandy,
He e'en forgives as fast as can be.
Speak Truth, and nev'r belye your Lips,
Has not some here oft miss'd their Whips?
I'm sure were he not tender-hearted,
Some of your Tails had soundly smarted.
And since that he treats us so Nobly,
Let us be mindful of the Obli-
gation, (f) whilk tye us unto him,
And for mair of his leuve to woue him.
For Clemency (t) nane can out-ey'n,
Yet rowze not up a sleeping Lyon.
The De'il (God I beteach me to)
I think has gott'n a gripp o' you!
That can, and will no' live in Peace,
But follow out syke freaks as these.
Lenk but a bit beyond the (u) Beck,
And then I here will pawn my Neck,
(x) If ony of the Neigh'bring Lairds,
Ev'r gave their Servants syke Rewards,
They dare no' call their Sauls their (y) ain,
What mischief then garrs us Complain?
Here's syke a deal of Ribble-rabble,
Wi' Tony and his squeeking Babble,
As if the (z) pow of stinking Urchin
Were a fit nest to hatch a Church in.
Our time shou'd no' this way be spent;
Let's get our Maister in his Rent.
Tho' he has meikle use for Money,
We take no thought to get him ony.
Let us make up the Castle (a) wawes,
And keep them right what e'er (b) befawe,
If aw the rest were right repair'd,
I trow our Labour were well (c) wair'd.
(For if his (d) place be weak and thin,
Some wyly Thieves may (e) seun creep in:

(f) which

(t) none

(u) Strand, or Brook.

(x) No people in the World so happy in priviledges as our King's Subjects.

(y) own.

(z) scalp

(a) walls.
(b) befalls.
(c) bestow'd.
(d) dwelling-house.
(e) soon

(f) rob him They'll (f) reave his geuds, if they can find 'em,
And trow ye they'll leave ours behind 'em?
(g) look for't. Nev'r (g) leuk for't, De'il a doubt they're in,
(h) go But they'll (h) gang on whun they begin.
They'll make their awn what e'er they get,
There's nought but Fish comes in their Net.
(i) all Plaister, secure, and make (i) them strang,
They'll serve him and his Followers lang;
(k) if (l) when (k) Gin we slight him, our sel's we wrang,
And what perteens no' to our share,
(t) none Let other Servants take in care.
There is a sort of useful Wherry,
That do geud Service in our Ferry:
Let them be rigg'd and rightly mann'd,
Then they'll be ready at Command
To send to th' Market and fetch hame
(l) both (m) Baith Provision (l) baith for Back and (m) Wame
And gaudy Trinkats for our Wives,
(Else we will lead but Hellish lives
(x) No people in the World have so many privileges as our King's Subjects. If of their Pride they want a Pin,
De'il be i'their Tongues if o'er they blin.
Do but observe yon' greedy Tauthes
(x) own. Wha eat the Meat out of our Mauths
(n) Those (n) Thea Glutt'nous Hogben-Mogben Hounds,
(x) look Steal aw the Fish out of our Ponds,
They're sneaking still about our Tanns,
And oft attempt to Crack our Cranns.
(o) Reprove (o) Repreuve them for't, and (p) tha Widgeon
(p) ev'ry. Will vaunt —— A through-reform'd Religion.
(q) such But if (q) syke priviledge can do
They'll labber in our Swine-troughs too.
(r) and Prepare, and if they (r) presse begin
We'll (f) seun souse up Van-Souterkin.
(f) soon We'll learn them other ways to feed
Nor lick the Butter off our Bread.

Yon (t) hang-a-bauk, (u) yeſt day at Morn
Swore (x) aw the (y) Nout wer in the Corn,
They've pinded ſome, they have nae Straw,
If they bide (z) lang, their Chaſts will (a) faw.
I've ſought the Field fra end to end,
There's nathing hurt that God did ſend;
An' truth were kenn'd, I think i' faith,
It is their awn will do the (b) ſkaith;
They're leuking where to find a (c) gapp.
And if they find it in they'll ſtapp.
With their (d) crenk't Horns they marr the Dyke,
Forſeuth I did but (e) hound the Tyke.
Out came a drift of curſt thraw'n Fellows,
(They're fit for nathing but the Gallows)
Had not ſome help't, there is nae doubt,
(f) But there they'd (g) dang my pen harns out.
We ſerve not God by Brags and Ranting,
As if we met a Covenanting;
Or if there were nae King amang us,
Except his Majeſty Ignoramus.
What——? ha' we nathing to do here,
But (h) pipe fo'ke fra their lawfou gate?
Ye ſhou'd conſider'd wha ye (i) meill'd with,
Before ſyke Doctrine firſt was held forth.
Be't knaw'n, he is no back-dure Chick,
Nor will he be ſerv'd ſike a Trick.
He crav's nae mair but what's his due,
By right of Dad, and Bully too.
They'll wonder what a de'il we ayle,
To ſca'd our Lipps in other's kaile;
Let us do what (k) pertains to us,
Our Maiſter weel can mind his Houſe.
(l) Ryve aw to Raggs, and then ye haun,
When doors ſtand open, Dogs come in.
This ſhall be ſcan'd before our (m) Betters,
Or els my Carcaſs liggs in Fetters.

(t) hang-a-bauk, (u) yeſt day at Morn
(c) One juſt rip for the Gallows
(u) yeſterday
(x) Sham-plot
(y) Cattle
(z) long,
(a) fall.
(b) harm,
(c) 35th. of Q. Eliz. to be repeal'd.
(d) crook't
(e) put the Law in Execution;
(f) Loyal-Magiſtrates threatned (g) beat out my Brains.
(h) Excluſion
(i) meddl'd.
(k) belongs
(l) tear all to pieces,
(m) into the houſe:
(n) Lords,

Remember (m) *many years by-gone,*
When he that rul'd us Right was slain;
Respect to Quality was lost,
Tinkers, and Coblers rul'd the roast:
The Nobles were the Common's Cadgers,
The Gentry but the Soldiers Badgers;
And sae far'd we, fra ill to worse,
When Cart was set before the Horse.

Land. How many brave and gallant Families,
Have been destroy'd by 'spousing Treacheries?
Their Children, and their Children's Children groan
Under that Load, their Rebel-Sires laid on:
Their Coats of Arms defac'd in publick view,
Their Progeny rank'd with the servile Crew.
Should I take Measures from that dire Success,
Mine Off-Spring and their Heirs wou'd bear no less.
The blessed *Jesus* gave his own Example,
(Which none of us ought under foot to trample)
He pay'd a Tribute to Usurping Prince,
Not as his *due*; (for how could that be, since
Himself was Lord of all,) but that we might
Be taught to give both God, and *Cæsar* Right:
His Poverty allow'd him not the Coin,
Therefore he did with blessed *Peter* join.
Go fish the Summ, that all the World may see
The Pattern of it's God's Humility.
Here's no Contingency, for what I do,
I'll re-inforce by Miracle to you.
"Shall *Jesus*, Powerful *Jesus* work in vain,
"To guide our Steps, and wretched we disdain
"To follow him? O wonders! wonders! since
"Our Soveraign's Claim is no unjust Pretence.

Ten. Sir I's but weak when rightly reckon'd,
Your geud Discourse I cannot second;
But there is manny a worthy Man
In *Scotland* bred, wha right weel can:

There-

Therefore I' ad beſt keep mine awn road,
Land. Do ſo, go on i'th' name of God.
Ten. A dancer ſays, fra' amang the reſt,
This Land of ours is ſare oppreſt,
Our Grievances ſhall be redreſt.
What are (*n*) thea Grievances? let's ſee?
Alas! alas! and (*o*) wae's is me!
Peur *Nob's* condemn'd to Gallow-Tree.
What was the reaſon? ſpeak wha can?
He was a witty wary Man.
Cou'd Whiggs got ſike a (*p*) ſpaik in wheel,
Their Cauſe had not ſae (*q*) ſeun tane reel.
Whig Writers are (gi' them their due)
As ſcant of Wit, as Grace, I trow.
Let no Man call me lying Fellow,
'Till he reads *Sh*—— *Tegue-Devillo;*
He calls it Witch, for Witch we had it,
E'en (*r*) ſike a Witch as he that made it.
Land. Had I of Plays ten Thouſand to rehearſe,
If all were his, they nev'r cou'd make a Farce.
Ten. But mair nor that, his Lordſhip itches
To baniſh Papiſh Dogs and Bitches:
He has geud reaſon to take heed,
For ſpoiling true proteſting Breed.
And further ſtill I can aſſure ye,
Chitt-Pus canno' eſcape his fury:
Shou'd Pop'ry worm into his Mice,
He'll find that but a blind Device.
Land. Some deſp'rate Men, who know not how to live,
Or baſe-born Slaves cannot ſo much deceive,
But for the upper-rank to ſtake to nought,
That mighty All their Anceſtors have bought,
With Blood and Wounds, and puiſſant Service done,
Muſt be miraculous to ev'ry one!
Let's now forbear, we are not throng,
We may be dry, we've talk't ſo long.

(*n*) theſe
(*o*) woe's me!
(*p*) ſpoak
(*q*) ſoon
(*r*) ſuch

Here

Here Boy——a Bottle more of Claret,
The tother Health, our Brains will bear it,
God bleſs the King, and Queen.
Ten. Amen.
Land. Drink off your Glaſs, and to't agen.
Ten. Now this has chop't me by my Text,
Ho——now I think on't——this is next.
There was a Sett of Dancers came,
But few of them I right can Name.
Firſt *Perkin*, O! he dances trimly,
(*f*) tiptoes And turn's on heel, and (*f*) tiptoes nimbly!
He is, (as mony fo'ke believes)
(*t*) Hands, An able Fellow of his (*t*) Neev's,
In ſundry places had he been,
And cruel Bickerings had he ſeen,
Still he his ſel' ſae weell behav'd,
You'd ſworn *God-Mars* was newly ſhav'd.
(*u*) Both (*u*) Baith Man, and Lad at the ſame inſtant;
But Fortune, well-away's unconſtant,
He kep't his ſel' ſae marv'llous buſie,
Until his Head grew reeling dizzie;
At laſt he catch't a heavy (*x*) faw,
(*x*) fall, And there lay he for geud and (*y*) aw.
(*y*) all. Yet notwithſtanding this Confuſion,
Turn'd *Hoghen-Moghen* in Concluſion:
If nought will ſerve but *Belgick-bouts*,
Beleuv'd, take up your King of Clouts.
(*z*) 2d Dancer Sir (*z*) ne'er-do-well, Squire Brazen-Face,
Mufty, *Maiſt-John* Saint of Gods Grace,
A ſqueeking Treble, yee nought but Baſe.
A *Teckley* for the Chriſtians loſs,
And bears the Cruſſent for the Croſs.
(*a*) Buggery, &c. (*a*) *Hic-hæc-hoc-juxta*, *Jack* of *Leyden*,
Brother Looſe-down, Siſter Slyding,
(*b*) poor, In plenty (*b*) peur, but rich in want;
A voucher of the Covenant.

Gird-

Girdl'd, and Sworded, flail'd new Fashion,
Saviour, Damner of the Nation,
Jesuit, and Priest Canonical,
A Heathen, Christian, Devil and all.
These are his Names, and I'll be sworn,
Nae *Spaniard* has (c) sae mony worn.
He capers high as Royal Gallery,
And next steps back into the Pillory.
He had mae (d) lugs when time befell
Of other fo'k's, nor tongue can tell;
But now he scarce has (e) yane his sel',
Latin he speaks at (f) ilka Sentence,
Don John's familiar Acquaintance,
He knew his dark Complexion well,
Yet made him fair by Art and Skill:
Tho' he and others of that Breed,
Made *Stafford* shorter by the Head,
His Wit's now of that pregnant strength,
It spins *Don John* six feet of length.
The Cause's Trumpeters and Fiddlers,
Officious Coxcombs and State-Jugglers,
The *Aarons*, and Spiritual Higglers,
Parliament and Petition sticklers,
The Maid of *Hatfield* and the Wheadlers,
Care, *Curtis*, and the *Elephant*,
Danc't till their very Hearts did pant.
The (g) Lythning-Listners, with their leering,
Nor Fish, nor Flesh, nor gaud Red-Herring,
They caper'd not, but (h) smeuthly *jimm'd*,
Like some I knaw on, when they *trimm'd*.
The chiefest Art that Trimmers know,
Is twisting two Strings for a Bow.
The Pamphleteering-Libelling-Train,
They stirr'd them till they stunk again.
Ye wou'd ha' burstne your Heart wi' laughing,
To've seen the gang an hull o' daffing.

(c) so many
(d) Ears
(e) one
(f) ev'ry
(g) Eves-droppers,
(h) smoothly

Land.

Land. Vex, vex me not with that vile spurious Tribe,
Which Satyrism it self can ne'r describe.
Or why should I this harmless Page bespatter,
With any *Judas patriæ Liberator?*
Or what can Piety't self expect but Evil,
From *Symon Magus* Chaplain to the Devil?
There is no tracing thee, but to that Flame,
From whence thou and thy Damn'd Tap't Patron came?
Was there such Relish in thy Sov'raigns Blood,
To long for it, when Heav'n it self withstood?
To stately *Charles* the top of Royal Stem,
(Whose frontly Brow adorn'd the Diadem,
Whose Exequies in silent Breast will throb,
Tho his Successor periods the Sob)
(a) A Fire on Earth did once great favour shew,
But Fire in Hell will thee (false Priest) pursue,
Unless thou Modelize thy Life anew.
Thou put'st not off thy Treasons by Retail,
No, thou'rt a Trades-man only for Whole-sale:
Thy Bart'ring Mart can readily dispatch
The Royal *Cargo*,—— off with stock and swatch.
Had but thy Native soil thine *Equal* bred,
Cleav'land's sharp Satyrs had been blunt indeed.
Rash muse! what ha'st thou done? his *Equal*'s come,
Avant Curst Pedagogue, Curst in the Womb,
Curst all thy Life, and Cursed in thy Tomb.
But Curster still, and Curster than before,
Because there is no Curse for thee in store;
God, Angels, Men, and Devils can Curse no more
Than thou hast Curst thy self on *Julian*'s score.
Did not the hideous forms of thy foul Brat,
(Foul as that Fiend, which prompting by thee sat,
Black as thy Sin, superlativ'ly ill,
Black as the Poyson of thy Ven'mous Quill:
Foul as that Soul was fair, which thou endeavour'd
(Oh! vain attempt!) to've made appear ill-favour'd.)

(a) *New-Market.*

Did

Did not, I say, that Lucifugeous face,
A baser Soul from thy base Body chace?
Did not thy Lines, when crawling forth they came,
Gnaw out the Intrails of their Vip'rous Dam?
No—Heav'n for Secret Cause lent thee some time,
Or to atone, or to enlarge thy Crime.
Sift Earth, Rake Hell, search the Creation round,
With Angels eyes, tell me where can be found
Legions of Plagues, but in that Plaguy Race
Which can both Heav'n, and Earth and Hell out-face;
Were God, not God, he cou'd not grant them Grace.

Ten. Here aw the Comp'ny went away,
And left it till another day.
Geud reason why, they durst not stay.
Sae having tane a little Breath,
Fell to it, Dagger out of Sheath.
Again speaks out a (*b*) Lyver-lad,
A trusty *Trojan*, thus he said.

(c) *Did we not pawn Body and Saul,*
Our Maister to defend and all
Comes after him, sae (d) *lang's we live?*
And do ye think God will forgive,
If we run wilfully in Sin,
Judge ye what pickle we shall be in.
Ha' ye nae fear of God nor Man,
But work mischief e'en what ye can?
Turn out o' (e) *doors this stinking Jack-an-apes; were he but set a packing,*
You wou'd na bob sae (f) *on the Sunday,*
It's nae imployment for God's awn day.
Won'd ever any Man or Woman,
(g) *Turn Free-hold into Estate Common?*
Or slay the herds who his Lambs keep?
The (h) *Todd will worry aw the Sheep;*
Or wry about the Neck o'th' Cock?
The Glead will get the Chicken Flock.

(*b*) Active,

(c) *Oath of Allegiance.*

(d) *long as*

(e) *door*

(f) *The Exclusion Bill was their Sunday's work, for the most part:* The better day, the better deed.

(g) *Break the line of Succession.*

(h) *Fox*

Or break a gap in his (i) *awn* fence?
When certain to his ſad expence,
The Beaſts will ſlip into his Corn,
His Neighbours will laugh him to ſcorn.
Many have had fair Pleas and loſt 'em,
By fondly breaking of their Cuſtom.
'Twou'd vex a man to th' very Guts,
To ſit ſeaven year, cracking deaf Nuts.
(k) *Mind what the Loyal Scotch-men ſay,*
If we dance on ſus will not they.
Then will begin the Broyls and Puggs,
And (l) *lund'ring* ſome *anothers Lugg's,*
Fy, out for ſhame it ſhou'd be ſpoken,
They'll (m) *ban us when we're Dead and Rotten.*
The (n) *Warld will think us deviliſh Wanton,*
Still hobbling after Piper Anthon.
Sir, here's a (o) *Spaught that came frо* Taunton.
After a Godly Grimace made,
He paus'd, and ſpit, and thus he ſaid.
" I ſwear if *Tony* pipe not on,
" The Subject's Property is gone.
" Let's now lift up our Godly Paws,
" And mannage well the Geud Auld Cauſe:
" If Conſcience be our hinderance,
" Our *Anarchy* will nev'r advance.
" Shou'd we be ty'd to ſome *Pan'ſho's*,
" 'Twere (p) warſe nor Papiſh *Tarmenlio's*.
" Come *Tony*—Play—thou knew'ſt my Figg,
" I'll take my turn, and then a Figg
" For ony Cavalieriſh Pigg.
" There's Law, Religion, in thy Chanter,
" (q) Mair nor they knew on, ſo I'll *venture*.
" Shall we make (r) Feuls of Hands and Feet,
" And they ſit Laughing in that Seat?
" Mumping and (ſ) Mowing, making Faces,
" Doing their outmoſt to diſgrace us.

(i) *own*
(k) *Act of Succeſſion.*
(l) *cuffing*
(m) *curſe*
(n) *Warld*
(o) *A Pallow almoſt an hir growth.*
(p) *worſe*
(q) *more*
(r) *Fools*
(ſ) *looking as if they wou'd bite.*

Let

" Let them take warning, I'll take courſe,
" If they'll not dance they ſhall do worſe.
" We'll flail them into better Manners,
" And ſell their skins to Godly Tanners;
" Or if we ſtop them well wi' Straw,
" They'll (t) fley the *Tory's* all (u) awaw.
" I gueſs they've heard what (x) this days Vote is,
" We'll (y) paik their Hides, let them take notice.
" They may expect, but find nae Quarters,
" We'll make their very Guts their Garters:
" They canno' ſay but I ha' warn'd 'em;
Yet ſtill they parted and nae harm done.
Where (z) yane ſaid—*Tony*——Gang thy way,
There ſtill was three cry'd——Let him ſtay:
And he for (a) aw thea Brags and Cracks,
Still rumbled on behind their Backs.
(b) Unſonſy (c) yance, (d) unſonſy (e) aye,
We'll hear of this ſome-other day;
The Halter lang they canno' 'ſcape;
They'll hang themſel's gi' them but (f) Raip.

Land. Come—drink to me——, do't—I'll ingage ye,
Begin——ſpeak,——Chriſten't, I will pledge ye:
I'm not inclin'd to rant and tear,
But yet this day, we being here,
May take a Bumper jollily.

Ten. God bleſs the Royal Family,
Lang-laſt the Court remeuv'd to *Oxford*,
Where there had like to ha' been knocks for't:
Another (g) Taiſtril with them came,
And he play'd ſweetly on the *ſhaum*,
Here's (h) ilka yane better nor other,
But (i) whaw——! how they hit on together;
The Rabble-rowt ſae whew'd and whirl'd,
When Pipe and Shaum togither ſkirl'd.
That Gentleman of high eſteem,
(Indeed their Maiſter ſhou'd ha' been,
(k) Wha did no' (l) leuve to hear them ſkreem,)

(t) fright
(u) away.
(x) No Po. Succeſſor.
(y) bang their Coats,
(z) one
(a) all thoſe
(b) Unfortunate (c) once, (d) unfortunate (e) always
(f) Rope.
(g) looſe Fellow.
(h) ev'ry one
(i) wonder
(k) who
(l) love

Wha was a geud-ane and a great ane,
And by his stile the *Laird of Brittain*,
Sir, he had warn'd them oft before,
But De'il a byte wou'd they give o'er
(m) those two Nor shame a Spring wou'd (n) them twa play,
Except *the clean contrary way*.
(n) took (o) Sceptre (p) hand, (q) Gallowing, (r) make (t) stark mad? (t) break all thy Bones.
He (n) teuk a (o) Sweeple up in's (p) neef,
Quoth he to *Tony*—" *Squinting Thief*,
" *Have I sav'd thee thrice fra the* (q) *Widdy*.
" *To* (r) *garr my fake two* (t) *Hiddy-giddy*?
" *I'll make* (unless thou leave this Game)
" *Thy Back as* (t) *supple as thy Wame*.
" *What* (u) *hindy-giddy's this ye keep*?—
" *I canno get a wink o' sleep*,
" *T has been the hail spurse of thy Life*
" *To pipe thy Neighbours into strife*,
" *By haunting Coffee-house and Ale-house*,
" *Thou trains their Bairns up to the Gallows*.
" *Syke* (x) *dirdom 'tween thy Pipe and thee*,
" *And ayllway's wherr they take the* (y) *ligg*,
" *Thou thinks to make a Fool o' me*,
" Do'st thou not know I cou'd undone thee,
" And still put 'st thou thy Pranks upon me?
" Gang on—in spight o' thy base mind,
" I'll preuve thy Maister, thou shalt find.
" Ingratfow Monster kenn'st thy fell,
" For thou'rt just like the Fiend of Hell
" God made him great, and he rebell'd,
" Sik-like my Goudness has thee swell'd
" (z) Sen I set thee to (a) Seal my Letters,
" Thou (b) aylways has (c) miskenn'd thy Betters.
" Leave off, or else I tell thee plain,
" (d) I'll garr thy Harns jaw again,
" Nor is't for aw that I command it,
" It's but thy Duty—*understand it*.
He mighpas well talk to a (e) Stane,
For *Tony* (f) wou'd not blow up again.

(o) all throe
(p) Uncertain-care (q) once (r) uncertain-ty (s) wretched-ness (t) giddy head.
(x) Since (a) Chancellor (b) always (c) disdain (wild (d) beat out all thy Brains
(e) Stone (f) love

And

And blew as if 't had been his laſt,
And (f) pegh't, (g) and grain'd at ilka blaſt.
He friſks, he ſtruts, and bobs about,
His Een was like to've poppled out.
Sir, then the Gentl'man whilk I ſpoke on,
Reſolv'd his Pipes ſhou'd aw be broken.
He came upon him ere he wiſt,
(And as I gueſs he did no miſs't)
As *Tony* Bag-pipe ſtiffly ſqueezes;
He ſmaſh't them in five hundred pieces.
Had ye ſeen what a (a) leuk he leuk't,
And in what Dudgeon *Tony* teuk't,
Ye wou'd (b) amaiſt ha' pitty'd him;
His Maiſter ſae out-witted him.
He gruntl'd lyke a Sow wi' Piggs,
Say's to his ſel'——*Now aw my Iggs,*
And Jigging-bobs are laid aſide,
Their Lace, their Ribbons, and their Pride,
And aw the Wit in Tony's *Noddle,*
Will never make them worth a boddle.
And was not this a (c) ſare miſchance!
E'en juſt as they began to Dance,
To play me ſike a ſurly Trick,
I nev'r ſaw like ſen I was quick.
I think indeed that I was (d) Daft,
When I fell to this Piper Craft,
But yet I had a gay Report,
In City, Country, and at Court.
Wi' muckle a-doe I got a pair
Of Pipes, alas my Heart is ſare,
To ſee them Ligg in Splinters there!
A truer Pipe nev'r went wi' Wind,
And it was tun'd juſt to my mind;
Alas! I never did intend,
They ſhou'd ha' made this doleful end.
I'll never be (e) yable, with aw my Care,
To purchaſe ſike another pair.

(f) ſtrein'd himſelf,
(g) groan'd.

(a) look he look't,
(b) almoſt

(c) ſore

(d) Fooliſh,

(e) able.

Had

Had they but danc't a little while,
I think I cou'd ha' drop't a wyle,
To have play'd some of them a sleep;
But aw my Cues I now may keep;
I canno' see them but I weep.
He try'd his Art by might and main,
But nev'r cou'd Tune them up again:
The Reeds a little while did sneevle,
(f) Syne Dron's, and aw ran to the Devil.
The fright, the fury, and the shame,
Dispatch'd him off by *Amsterdam.*
Sir, will ye hear his *Epitaph?*
I fancy it may (g) garre ye laugh.
Beneath this stane ly's Mankind's Wonder,
('Pray God its weight may keep him under.)
He was a Fowl of (h) sike a Feather,
He nev'r cou'd fly but in foul Weather.
(i) Top, Tail, and Main of ilka Faction,
The (k) Whirlygeeg of Humane Action.
A very dangerous twa-edg'd (l) Teul,
His Wit made him (m) baith Knave and (n) Feul:
A Cellar and a Ware-House baith,
To all wha Trade in publick Faith:
He brew'd, and tap'd, and squeez'd and ran,
At last, as fast as he began;
But dabbl'd still in sike stumm'd Liquor,
The De'il himsel' ne'er pis's a thicker.
The Noddy Knave of Common-weal,
He shuffl'd oft, but never cou'd deal.
He staik't his Craig, or ony thing,
And play'd at piquet with the King.
All Arts and Mysteries he try'd,
But nev'r wrought truly till he dy'd.
He's dead and gane, we need no fear,
As sure as he is lying here.

(f) Then
(g) make
(h) such
(i) All, and all,
(k) a Child's Play-tool, turning always round in contrary Motions.
(l) Tool,
(m) both
(n) Fool.

The

The Shaum a while escap't the fury,
By sleight of *Ignoramus-Jury:*
But after (as appeared plain)
They call'd him o'er the Coals again,
And to the best part of my knowledge,
Some ru'd the rade of *Oxford-Colledge.*
Wha (*m*) howks a hole for ony other,
His sel' (*n*) faw in, were he my Brother.
Now *Ignoramus* (*o*) mun advance,
(*p*) Amang the laive to take his chance.
What's said before, to's Charge was layd,
And other Clarty tricks he play'd.
It's true he had the common Vogue,
Yet upon Tryal found a Rogue;
For all his Lownry was discover'd,
And aw the Pleadings that he offer'd,
Were over-ruled by the Court;
And he *adjudg'd* to answer for't.
The Jury found it *Billa-vera,*
And *Ketch* had Orders to prepare a
Place convenient for the feat;
And (*q*) kilt him up i'th' open Street.
Land. If Treason's painted Face appear'd not black,
Ingage not now for thou hast seen its Back.
Oft had they by Indulgences been cleans'd,
But yet their Godless Lives were never chang'd:
Their stubborn Necks unmanageable still,
Thô flexible to all but *Charles* his Will.
Had they not Grace to check their course in time?
No——All their Penance was repeated Crime:
By violent Force, and unretarded Pace,
Dart their black Malice 'gainst the Rays of Grace.
Ten. When Property had (*r*) unbethought her,
To what a Market they had brought her;
She put on her confid'ring Cap,
Sadly bewailing her Mishap.

(*m*) diggs a pit
(*n*) fall in
(*o*) must
(*p*) Among the rest
(*q*) knit
(*r*) called to mind,

Her

Her Courage now began to fail,
(She'd got the seek out of her Tail)
And all her soaring hopes were gane;
Thus to her sel' she made her (f) main.

(f) moan.

(t) Foolish

Alas! what was in my (t) Daft Mind,
Thus to my sel' to preuve unkind?
When I was well, I could weil guide mee,
But let the striddling Piper ride me,
And then for cov'ring of my shame,
Was fain to yoak wi' Syke a (u) Jaine.
Wha's find before, to's Cummock (x) Tougher geud is Heuch and Gaine.
There's nae hail tatter on my Back,
Nor am I Dame of ya penn plack,
Besides I'm famish't quite with hunger,
For senth I can indure nae langer
Oh—— ! Wae betide this galloping!
I've got my fill of wallopping!
I ha' na House to put my Head in!
But forc't to ligg upon the (z) Middin!
(a) Prudence *and* Patience *will deri me,*
And Justice *she will nev'r abide me,*
Charity'll *punsh me out o' Doors,*
(For Grace *and I fell out before.)*
Ay me! how orderly they trip
Attending on her (b) Ladyship!
And was not I a dirty Wife,
To gang and make mysel' a (c) Sport?
Had I the Office that I had,
I'de nev'r again preuve half sae mad.
The Hen-wife, Groundless-Jealousie,
(Shame take her) she beguiled me.
Her (d) Stilts she was not able to handle,
But e'en as weak as she could wandle;
Upon her Feet she cou'd no keep,
But there tumbl'd down and fell a-weep.

(u) digge a pit
(n) fall in

(x) Portion

(y) In truth

(z) Dung-hill.

(a) My Lady Prerogative's Women,

(b) Madam Prerogative!

(c) by-Song? or thing to be wondred at?

(d) Crutches

(r) called to mind,

Sadly bewailing her Misha-

My

Her

My (e) Lady then had just walk't out,
Some ha'fe a mile or thereabout,
Her Bus'neſs was for to have ſeen
A Neighbour's Wife, was lying in.
And with her ſhe took *Charity*,
To Chat and bear her Company.
As (f) ſeun as ev'r ſhe did her ſpy,
My Life, quo ſhe, *it's* Property.
O dear! how nimbly they did ſtickle!
When they perceiv'd her in that pickle,
For ſhe cou'd neither (g) gang nor ſtand;
My Lady then lent her a Hand.
My Joe (quo ſhe) *I need no* (h) *ſpeer*
What wind it was that blew you here;
It nev'r was better like to preuve,
Since you teuk on wi' your haug'd leuve.
Why came ye not to your auld Dame?
"Madam, quo ſhe, I e'en thought ſhame.
"Wa's me that ever I was born,
"For I'ſe get baith the Skaith and Scorn.
No Property, *I's nane of theſe;*
Tho I can kenn my Friends fra foes.
Come Charity *let's get her in,*
To let her ſtarve were deadly Sin.
Hing on the Pan, let Milk be boil'd;
Meat's no' for her, her Stomach's ſpoil'd.
Fetch me yon Cordial fra my Cloſet,
Put it to'er Head, and let her doſe it.
So—— give na mair, ſhe'as got her part,
She's weak, 'twill take her by the Heart.
The Poſſet's right, here——take this (i) *Speun,*
Drink, ſup it off,——when that is (k) *deun,*
Ye may lye down and take a Ned,
And reſt your ſel' i'th' name o' God.
My Lady to the *Ward-robe* hy's,
Opens a Trunk, and there ſhe ſpy's

(e) Prerogative

(f) ſoon

(g) go

(h) inquire

(i) Speun, (k) deun

A Milk-white Smock, of dainty Linnin,
(Indeed it was of her awn Spinning)
Quoifs, Gorgets, Heuds, Bands, Point *Vuvee*,
As curious wark as yane shall see.
Forseuth ye wou'd ha' thought it Sin,
To've put a foul Finger therein.
Upon a Pin hung a Silk Manty,
And (*l*) Wily-Coat (to make her Caneys)
(l) Petticoat
Sae right and fixt, nathing did lack,
They nev'r were thrice upon her Back.
(m) Shoes,
Baith Hose and (*m*) Sheun, and Gleuv's she fought,
Whilk for her proper wear were bought.
When aw thea things aside were laid,
My Lady rapp't—— up came her Maid.
Prudence, quo she, *take my advice*,
(n) Property
First clear (n) *yon Lass of Beds and Lave.*
Then take that trimming while ligs there,
And graith her featly to my Chamber.
And let me never see her Face,
(o) handsomer
'Till she be in a (o) *dester case.*
(p) Afternoon, (q) done.
It's now five hours o'th' (p) *Afternoon,*
And time I had my Vespers (q) *deun,*
When it strikes sax, then Grace *may come,*
And lead her to the Chappel-Room.
My Lady's orders were obey'd,
And aw things deun just as she said.
As seun as ev'r she leuk't upon her,
She (*r*) laighly baiking, made her Honour.
(r) lowly kneeling.
My Lady then a smiling fell,
Now ye leuk sunckat like your self,
(s) Spoon.
Your (s) *Wankle Leggs deun support ye,*
(t) very feeble.
Sae sit ye down, 'till Teabert (t) *ye.*
"Madam, indeed it's your gentle Nature,
"That blenks sae blythly on your Creature.

Tell what's become of thy sweet Baby?
" I thought it wou'd not please your Lady-
" ship, it look't sae like its Daddy;
" I have disown'd it quite for mine,
" And sent it o'er to *Caroline*;
" To shuffle in its Syre's Plantation,
" And mend the thorough-Reformation.
What course of Life will ye lead now?
" The very same best pleases you.
Troth, Property, *for mine awn pairt,*
I'll nev'r keep Mischief in my Heart.
Here,---take the Keys, and stay nae (t) *langer,*
Stir easily 'till ye grow (u) *stranger.*
And tatling Bablers do not hear,
They'll buzze fond stories in your Ear.
The meanest Servant of my Train,
Shall nev'r ha' reason to Complain.
Sir, merrily she (x) gade away,
And all was made up in dry Hay.

(t) *longer,*
(u) *stronger.*
(x) went

Land. When Friendly Heav'n 's dispos'd to smile on Kings,
And Providential Blessings prune their Wings
To visit us——
Peace, Plenty's Mother thrusts into the Croud,
And peaceful Bays to Monarchs Brows allow'd;
Janus chain'd up, the fierce *Bellona* bow's,
And smooths the Furrows of her wrinkled Brows;
The Court, a Nursery of Piety;
The Bord'ring Nations stand amaz'd to see
That Bliss, and envy the Felicity.
But oh! the Frenzie of a pop'lar Rage,
It turns a Golden, to an Iron Age!
Stung with Rebellion, swell'd with Serpent's Pride,
The Healthful feeding Tree it lays aside;
And then no Fruit can please, but what's deny'd.
It toils for Sorrow, 'till its strength be spent,
And makes the very Sin a Punishment.

O'erwhelm'd at laſt, of all Aſſiſtance void,
Muſt Plunging ſink, and ſinking be deſtroy'd.
Too raſh my Muſe! what? no Deliverance?
Look up, deſpair not, ſee who does Advance.
Iſaac *is bound, and on the Altar laid,*
The healing Angel ſpeaks, the ſtroak is ſtay'd.
Ten. Their Gracious Maſter after that,
Was far leſs troubled with their Prate:
Nae thanks to ſome for their geud Will,
But God's (*y*) abeun the Devil ſtill.
Sae lang as Earth was his abode,
He liv'd and dy'd i'th' fear o' God.
No doubt his Sins are all forgiv'n,
And his dear Saul's with God in Heav'n.
Land. In Heav'n with God, 'tis ſure, Muſe ſing the reſt;
What can'ſt thou ſay---? fall ſhort,---ſo have the beſt.

(*y*) above

Epitaphium.

Nor ly's, nor dy's, but fly's the ſoaring *Charles*,
Whoſe Name's eſteem'd above the richeſt Pearles,
Fly---? So he muſt, to the Divinity,
There's room to ſtretch his Soul,---Infinity
Is ſpacious, that will do't, and no leſs can,
To him who dy'd a Saint; liv'd more than Man.
Wou'dſt thou know where this ſacred Relict lyes?
Kneel,---kiſs this Urn,---now dry thy dropping Eyes.
Ten. Oh! *Landlord* ye ha' made me ſory!
Land. No doubt, yet I've a healing ſtory,
I'll tell it as we home-ward ride.
Ten. Geud Sir, I can no' langer bide.
I pray you tell it me juſt now?
Land. I'll do't then to make ſtraight with you.

Lay

Lay by your (z) Pipe, in silence sit you still,
And Interrupt me not.

Ten. (a) Nae mair I will.

Land. (b) This Morning early as I slumb'ring lay,
Aurora handing in the welcome Day,
A Glorious Youth appear'd (me-thought) and said,
Come follow me, refuse that flatt'ring bed.
His ami'able Countenance my Lodgings grac't,
I rowz'd my self, and his safe Footsteps trac't.
When feeble I fell faint in Travelling,
He mounted me upon his Silver Wing.
He stream'd me to the New *Jerusalem*;
There gently, gently set me down by him.
The Splendour of that place surmounts my Tongue,
Melodiously was *Elohim*'s Praises sung.
The Beaming Rays of that Celestial Sun,
Compell'd my yielding Eyes the Light to shun.
I am thine Angel-Guardian, he did say,
I'll shew thee what is done in Heav'n this day:
Come, list'n with Rev'rence, but no more presume;
Then o'er my Face he lay'd his downy Plume.
I heard the voice of dreadful Majesty,
But wonderful! it did not terrifie!
Majestick—Mildness—do not yet aspire,
Our God *Jehovah*'s a consuming Fire.
Then Palpitation seiz'd my trembling heart,
My palsi'd hands did quake, and ev'ry part;
My shiv'ring Joints could not their burthens Bear.
At which, my tender Tutor, *do not fear*,
But be you humble, and be chearful here.
And thus th' Eternal Father to his Son,
And to his Holy Spirit, "*We are One*;
" Before time was, we were, when time began,
" 'Mongst other Beings we created Man,
" And all things else, which can in place be seen,
" But now this day let us make King and Queen.

" I'll

(z) Tobacco

(a) No more

(b) Coronation day.

" I'll give them Wisdom, Wisdom to Create
" Affection, and call home alienate.
" My secret Counsels I'll to them unfolds
" Justice and Mercy shall their Throne upholds
The Everlasting Truth gave his Consent,
Saying—— " Eternal Father, my Content
" Has always been your blessed Will to do,
" And to Compleat them I'll contribute too.
" I'll give them true Obedience to your Law,
" Their Inclinations to our Precepts draw;
" My precious Blood shall not in vain be spil,
" It's balming Vertues shall by them be felt
" Their Burthen's heavy, I will make them strong;
" Alleviate the Cross they've carry'd long.
The enliv'ning Dove expands his hov'ring Wing,
So he—— " I will defend upon my King,
" And Queen.——
" I'll breeze a gentle Gale into their Mouths,
" They shall both practice, and defend my Truths.
" Two Cloven Tongues within their Lips I'll place;
" And them repleniſh with my seven-fold Grace.
This is no task, O God, but ease to you,
For what cannot Omnipotency do?
Amen to all—— *Isaias* did advance,
A Prophet fam'd for matchless Elegance;
He warbl'd out with towring Trumpet sound,
Take right his Theme—— *Here's only to be found,*
The Object of all supernatural Bliss,
Who was from the beginning, who still is,
And shall be after mould'ring time is past,
Ev'n Alpha *and* Omega, *first and last.*
It was not for himself he did Create,
There can be no Addition to Compleat,
He gave us being that we might be Blest,
And banquetted at this main-meaning feast;

" I'll

And

And as his Power Divine has not dimension,
Our Virtues are not such but by Extension.
As happy Souls come fleeting to this place,
Our accidental Glory will increase.
Therefore let us Communicate our Store,
The more we give, we still enjoy the more.
We'll send some tokens to Great Britains *King,*
And Queen, let's make a free-will Offering.
They all Consent and *Alleluiah* Sing,
Receptacles those propines to receive,
Are brought, of whom I know, thus each one gave.
The *Virgin-Mother* blest 'mong Women kind,
Made the first Offer suited to their mind,
" To them I'll give my rare Humility,
" Temper'd with Pow'r and lofty Majesty:
" They shall contest Heav'n's Pleasure to fulfil,
" Saying —— *Be't to your Servants as ye will.*
Three Hierarchys of Angels, Orders nine,
The *Seraphims* inflam'd with Love divine,
The *Cherubims* with Sciences repleat,
Refulgent Thrones are the Almighty's Seat,
The *shining Virtues, Ruling Dominations,*
The *Powers* exult, with joyful Acclamations,
The *Principalitys* their Tryumphs sing;
Arch-Angels always ready ministring,
The *Angels* still for Embassy prepar'd,
And all of them, their Gifts with freedom shar'd.
Saint *Michael* ——" I will buckle to his side
" This brandish't Blade, which tam'd the Prince of Pride;
" And there shall none be able to Contend
" *With* James *and* Mary, *whom I will defend.*
Saint *Raphael* ——" I did take him by the Hand,
" Conducting him to that thrice happy Land,
" From whence the choicest Comforts of his Life,
" *Rich Virtue, Honour, Beauty in a Wife,*

" Neither

" Neither did I forsake them in Exile,
" (For so it was) but carefully that while,
" I pointed out safe Footings in their way,
" I foil'd the wicked Sp'rit which sought to slay;
" And shade the Light of *Britains* beaming Day.
" Nor is mine Office out, I'll still take pains,
" *Adjutor to their Angell Guardians.*
Enoch—" They shall in Contemplation stay,
" And with their God walk hand in hand all day;
" Yea, when translated to this happy state,
" My self shall welcome them at Heav'ns gate.
Jacob—" Come rest your Heads upon my stone:
" Your Toil is past, your anxious Hours are gone.
" By the Seditious never shall be forgot,
" *That God was in this Place, we knew it not.*
Moses—" Here take my Meekness with my Rod,
" Dark *Ægypt* (where his People sought abode)
" Shall be contemn'd, here's *Canaans* Property,
Not Slaves to Rebells, free Men James *to thee.*
Joshua—" Let me add Conduct to their Arms,
" Whose Warlike Captains, with their Marshal Charms,
" Shall guide their Troops throughout their promis'd Land,
" *Nor Foreign, nor Home-Foes shall them withstand.*
David—" Go on, chant out th' incessant praise
" Of your Redemption in Angelick Lays:
" My well-tun'd Harp, shall with your Hearts agree,
" Not two, but one continu'd Harmony.
Daniel—" Sharp Quickness to his Councils Eyes,
" They shall unriddle hidden Mysteries
" Of State; the Judges shall expound the Law,
" And all Dissenters to Allegiance draw.
Constant-Courageous-Proto-Martyr-*Stephen*—
—" My Blood for *Jesus*'s sake was freely given,
" The Frantick Rout against me did conspire,
" The more they threw me down, I bounc't the higher.

" Did

" Did they not seek to stop the Royal Breath
" And by the Rabble were ston'd to worse than Death.
" But strong-built Virtue cannot easily fall,
" Their Patience, Conquering Patience Conquer'd all;
" They Patient droop't, now they to Glory rise,
" Their Prayer —— *O Lord forgive our Enemies.*
Saint *Paul*—" The Sword shall not be giv'n in vain,
" But for their own, and all their Subjects gain;
" The haggard-Vassal shall obey his Prince,
" *Not out of Slavish Fear, but Conscience.*
Saints *Ambrose*, *Jerome*, *pious Augustine*,
With more, who did the Churches Light refine;
" —— Their Cautious Prelats shall in Vnitie,
" Maintain the Catholick Faith, that Faith which we
" Undauntedly asserted ev'n to Wonder,
" Not tear the Seamless Coat of Christ asunder,
" That Faith whereon the Factious take no hold,
" *As but one Shepherd, so but one Sheepfold.*
" Flat Sence, and flagging Reason sink beneath
" Stupendious Mist'rys of a Christian's Faith.
Saint *George*, " They've honor'd me, I'll honor them!
" Upon Saint *George*'s day Saint *George* will climb
" Saint *George* for *England*—Now they well may say,
" *Let's go to prayers, this is Saint George's day.*
Saint *Andrew*——" For their guard I'll rear my Crosse,
" The *Thistles* goodness they shall all ingress,
" *Red-Lion-Rampant from his den shall roar*
" *In their defence, as he has done of before.*
Saint *Patrick*—" With my Lyre I'll tame their Foes,
" The stoutest Rebel *Thrasso* that e'r oppose,
" Their spotless White shall never stain'd Wrong
" From chatt'ring *Magpye*, or invenom'd Tongue.
Last, weeping *Rachel*, with her Fountain Eyes,
Laid in an Handkerchief wherewith she dry's
Her blubb'ry Cheeks—" Give this to Widow-Queen,
" She shall have Joys for Sorrows she has seen.

Arch-Angel Gabriel bring Flesh Envoy
To ambass down Congratulatory Joy!
Hoists up his Feather-Sails, and veers about;
Then in the Airy Ocean launches out,
Flight time's out-done, he's second is not yet,
E're this same Agile Spirit spoke before I O ——
Our Royal Pair —— *Some Presents here I bring,*
They're Heav'nly Presents, from a Heav'nly King,
And Heav'nly Subjects, to adorn your Throne,
They'll gild your names when rusty ages gone.
This subtile Essence wheels about, and flys,
His Pinnion-Oars divide the azure Skys,
And drowzie *Somnus* here unseal'd mine eyes;
I rowz'd, I rose, I dres't, to Pray'rs withdrew,
Imploring Heav'n my Vision might prove true.
Teen I doubt it not (a) for their ways please the Lord,
Grace, Peace and *Plenty* he'l to them afford.
I dream'd a Dream a while ago,
But with it I'll not trouble you.
Land. I prethee tell't, it's no Hurt,
Ten. The worst Sin is but harmless Sport.
(z) Ya Night I went to Bed right late,
A hundred Maggots in my Pate,
I dream'd at my Bed's side did stand
A Jesuit; and in his Hand
A Consecrated Cake (God bless me)
He cou'd no fix't, and for the matter me
Then out drew he a Gully-knife,
With the he (a) twinn'd me and my Life,
Off hand I ran into the (b) Kennel,
Stark dead lay I up and down like any Mawkin,
I (c) blaid and (d) yukinged like any Calf,
And down my Cheeks the Tears did waff,
I shouted out —— Oh!
I've lost my Hand ——
Her blubb'ry Cheeks ——
"She shall have Joys for Sorrows she has seen.

(d) since

(z) One Night

(a) parted
(b) instantly

(c) like a Calf
(d) howl'd like a Dog when he is hurt.

I durſt ha' wager'd a grey Groat,
The very Blade ſtuck croſs my Throat
Albeit I found my ſelf hugely
(c) Maiſt o' the Townſ-men juſt ran wild.
Tho this was but Fantaſtick Wound,
There's not a few fell in a Swound.
Land. You thought but ſo, it was their Quackery.
Ten. De'il fetch't, was it but (f) Jewkry-pawkry
Land. Goſſip, I think you'l not deny,
Tony had finger in that Pye?
Ten. Ay Sir, as ſure as I'ſe live.
For e'en as e'er I hope to thrive
There's very few that ev'r (g) medl'd with him
But firſt or laſt he did undo them.
I'll tell ye what a Trick he play'd me,
And fain wou'd (h) Gobby have deceiv'd me;
But, Sir, I got him at the Catch,
Tony has yance met with his Match.
I felt his Pulſe, and Pocket too,
And then, Quod I, *Tony adieu.*
This Swindger at Saint *Bartle's* Fair,
Where aw the Nimmers do repair,
(And this was he, without ſuppoſe,
Or els 'twas Satan in his Cloaths.
(i) Amell them twa was like a League,
For driving on a damn'd Intrigue.
The t'one the t'other
To know which, which, muſt be acquainted.
He jogg'd me gently on the Elbow,
Come here good Fellow, for what I'll do.
"You (k) leuk not like a *Tony* here,
"On you I will beſtow a Pot
He had a thing under his Coat
Juſt like a Fiddle as I thought.

(c) Moſt
(f) Under-hand-dealing.
(g) meddl'd
(h) a nimble-Tongu'd Cheater.
(i) Beggars.
(k) look

Quo--he, *I've Travell'd far and near,*
And this has wone me
(l) whispers He (l) rownds me softly in the
(o) Mail o' *Take my gend Counsel, do not fear*
My Bird, here is for to be seen,
(m) *two eyes.* *What thou ne'er saw wi' thy (m) twa een.*
(n) *boney-love,* *Dear (n)*
(?) *Under-hand-dealing.* *But go, Londer and the Law*
I'll draw a Compass
Twixt it and Treason but a hair,
Tony, said I, ye chance may trip,
" Where were ye if your Thumb shou'd slip?
(s) *Nobbin* *I fear not (s) why Tony* added (t)
Our doughty Ignoramus *Lunch*
Can play at Irish, *their Back-game*
(b) a nimble Tongu'd Clarke, *Will save baith Tony, and his Name.*
Damnation they will make their Lot
*E're Idol-*Tony *gang to th' Pot*
When that's deun I's nought in their debt,
My hazard makes an equal set,
But Leuvie, here's a Courtesie,
Whichont o' kindness I'll do thee
The Torys *now thou see shall endure,*
(o) *Neist year thou shall be Major of* London.
(p) *Thy name Ingrav'n upon a Pillar,*
Here —— see my Lad, and keep thy Siller,
He lay'd his Trinckum
Whilk I'll describe as I am able:
But lest there shou'd be some mistake,
Here —— Boy, bring me a bit of (q) *Chalk.*
(q) *Chalk.* (r) This kind of Shoe I have seen in *Holland*, and in *England* at Fairs, &c. (f) two (t) little bit (u) biggness
(r) I think it was
Or there about, (I'll do nae wrang)
This end was just twa inches
And that was sax, and (t) bittock more
A piece of Cristal here put on,
The (u) muckledeum of haffe a Crown.

He

He had a Frame of narrow Glass,
I judge three Foot of length it was,
With Pictures Painted here and there,
You'll see the use on't, what shou'd mair.
That far end wide, this near end straite
Did magnifie at a huge rate.
A twinkling light set at the back,
In little (x) Bowet—Wyly quack!
And there's the (y) geeg of his *Jimcrack*.
He bids me set this Eye apart,
(Ha'se sight is best for Jugler's Art)
And thus ask't I, sae he reply'd,
Tho I dare Swear he often ly'd:
What Worthy Men are hither sent?
" A true protesting Parliament,
(I'll shift it to another pin)
What's this? " It's Pop'ry coming in.
And wha is yon Trav'lling fua home?
" Our Clergy Galloping to *Rome*.
O! Wonderful! *And what is there?*
" *French* Navies Sailing in the Air.
And what's that in yon darksome spot.
" Baith Queen and Duke in Papish Plot.
What then is this whilk end ways follows?
" Black-bills and Pilgrims, haly Gully's.
Wha's yon of Sundry (z) Mucks and Fashions?
" A Doctor saving thes three Nations.
What Siller's yon to pay the Cost?
" Seaven hundred pound he Swears he lost.
This Raree-shew I prethee tell?
" (a) A dead Man riding by his sel'.
What now——I vow I canno' guess?
" The *Observator* bearing Mass.
Again——I speer'd what I effy'd?
" Aw the hail Court be popify'd.

(x) Lanthorn
(y) right way of any thing.
(z) Shapes
(a) Sir E. B. G.

" Cause

What

(b) dol'ful

What garr's thea (b) *deulfow ſe'le complain?*
" My Bairn, their Property is gane,
" They hourly leuk they ſhou'd be ſlain.
What's this? " It's an Exclusion-Bill,
" Leſt Monarchy ſhou'd happen ill.

(c) which looks o oddly?

What can this be (c) *whilk leuks ſae oddly?*
" Hey ——geer enough for aw the Godly.
What's ligging in that little bale?
" The King's advantage by the Pole.
Wha's here telling him idle Storys?
" Nane——make him peun, and he'll be Glorious.
O wally Tony! *what is that?*
" A Black-Box cramm'd wi' God knows what.
What are thea Writings cloſely Seal'd up?
" The ſame were found in *Celiers* Meal-Tub.
What wonder's this, ſpeak if ye pleaſe?
" It is the Meun made of Green-Cheeſe.
This is the laſt, *What ſee I now?*
" A Hundred men to Swear all's true.
He drank to me the t'other Cup,
And thus again he wheadl'd me up.

(d) Brother

" And now, dear (d) Billy, this is right,
" Sae do no' ſit in your awn light.
" I knaw ye are a man of Reaſon,
" And this ye'll find the fitteſt Seaſon;
" Strike in as if ſome Friend o' mine,
" Make up your Hay while Sun do's ſhine;
" And here's my Hand (what e'r ſhall chance,)
" Ye ſhall no' miſs my furtherance.
" This thing I wou'd not undertake,

(e) Country's ſake.

" But only for my (e) Country's ſake,

(f) a thick Cake bak't before the Fire.

" For I had rather live at eaſe,
" With ha'fe a (f) Bannock made of Peaſe,
" Stinking Butter and Rotten Cheeſe,
" Ev'n *Sl——by Be——ls* daily gaſe

" Cauſe

" Cause up and down I (f) dow no ride,
" As I ha' done —— *Alas my side.*
" You hear of this Damn'd Papish-Plot?
" Nae honest man can save his Throat!
" See what a pitch the Doctor's run to,
" What high Preferment he has come to!
" If things (we doubt 'em not) shou'd hit,
" Ere long ye'll see him higher yet.
" My Dow, rub up thy Memory,
" For thou knaws e'en as well as he.
" Be careful Birdy, cast about,
" Speak first, and I will help thee out.
" Ay —— Right —— think on't, and then begin,
" Thou'lt be a Credit to thy kin.
" Or if this time ye canno' stay,
" Come to my House some other day,
" I'll pay the (g) Lawing —— gang your way.
" But hark ye me, I shou'd ha' spoken
" Another thing I had forgotten;
" Tho I've but seldom seen that Face,
" Yet in thy very look there's Grace;
" This kindness I'll do you with ease
" Ye be ought Straitned in your Purse,
" And canno' get you Arms and Horse;
" Tell me your mind if ye be scant?
" Great pity like as ye shou'd want.
" Or afterward I'll send my Man,
" To meet you at the *Amsterdam*;
" But whatsoever shou'd (h) befall
" Take this —— for to be doing with (i) at all.
" Here —— set thine hand to this (k) Bit Writing,
" And swear it is thine awn Indi[ting],
" And Sweety, if thou'lt but ob[ey],
" Thou'lt reap the Fruit another [day],
" When thy Friend *Tom*'s (l) clad [in] Gray.

(f) am not able

(g) Reck'ning

(h) befall

(i) all.

(k) A Narrative or a few Depositions only.

(l) cloath'd

We've

(m) enough,

" We've *English* Evidence (m) enow,
" And of the *Irish* not a few;
" Last *Sunday* we drew in a Jew,
" And fain would had a *Scotch-man* too;
" But ne'er had that gend Luck ti'l now.
Thought I, what 'vengeance can he mean,
The like of this was never seen!
Some Mischief surely he intends,
Of me he ne'r shall brook his ends;
(But yet the (n) Siller made some mends.)
" As slyly as thy * faus Chafts waggs,
" The De'il be in thy rotten Baggs,
" If ever *Andro* here ingage.
(When Foxes preach (o) tent weel your Geese;
The Lord send me to live in Peace.)
" My Banes oft broken for my King,
" And thou gart me in Hemp-string swing!
" Gang seek your (p) Callands with a fiddle,
" For *Andro* he is nane of them.
God help't me out my sel' to save,
And freed me fra that (q) fleeching Knave!
Sir, gin ye thought it but bestow'd,
A Sang o' yours were (r) Crowd.

(n) Silver
* false

(o) take heed to

(p) loose fellows

(q) flattering

(r) Gold.

To the Tune of, Now, now the Fight's done, *&c.*

Land. Now, now the Feat's done,
And the Great *Machivell*,
Lye sculking in the dark;
And they chafe in their Cells,
When Loyalty laughs,
They stretch't for the Cause,
Contriving, Sham-Plotting,
To Counter the Laws,
They rode on Rebellion,
And Royalty hang'd,

And their Pupils for Treason,
On Gallow-Tree hang'd.

II.

Jack Presbyter smil'd,
Having fixed his Dart,
And wing'd it to hit
The Great Prince in the Heart
Who calmly withdrew
At his Sov'raign's Command,
Whose Pleasure, full Measure
He ne'er did gainstand
Now his Foes are dispersed,
And fall'n in disgrace,
Our Passion recoil,
And give Reason it's place.

III.

Truth, Truth is the cry,
Truth and Justice go round,
Whilst Plotters, and Traitors
Lye sprauling o'th' Ground
Their Cabals are Confounded,
Their Evidence flinches,
And packing of Parliaments,
Throw'n off the Hindges:
They'll Rally no more,
For an *Oliver* Nose,
Nor Muster fresh Forces,
But flat in the Close.

Ten. Well said Sir, I wou'd give a Cow,
Why I cou'd sing as well as you.
Land. But hark ye Friend, one told to me
A while ago ye were at Sea.

I like not Plow-ſtilt Math'maticians,
Nor *London*-Prentice Politicians,
Neither care I for Women-Preachers,
Nor Leather-Apron'd-Goſpel-Teachers,
Nor any he that wears a Gown,
Who cants in Country, or in Town,
Sedition up, and Pop'ry down.
Let ev'ry Prudent man look to,
What Office falls within his verge.

Ten. I nev'r can tell ye that for certain,
For I am ſure ye will me blame,
But what care I? (ſ) Repreuf for ye,
I well may bear, (t) ſen it's my due,
Now let me ſee,——It is about
Seaven, or (u) aught year ſen that fell out,
Upon our Voyage we were bound,
The Wind blew fair, to Sea we went,
Our Skipper wiſe, our Veſſel ſound,
And to *Weſt India*'s we were bound,
I learn't ſome Terms in that Vocation,
But fumbl'd baſely when in Action,
Yet thought my ſelf as ſkilful
The wiſeſt he on Ship-board
Say'd to the Steers-man——*Friend*
Ye be ought tyr'd give me yar
Quoth he, I think ye are
Here,——take my room with aw my
* Nay then, thought I, there's muckle
Can I no' twirrle that ſtick about
I had no' deun the Office lang,
But preſently I ſet aw wrang.
When they cry'd *Helm a-lee, Tack about*
I wiſt nae mair nor my blind
All hands aloft, and ev'ry where,
The Maiſters Mate Mad as *March*-hare,
For ony ſhift that cou'd be found,
Tad like to've run the Ship a-ground.

(ſ) reproof
(t) ſince
(u) eight

* Here's no particular perſon meant under this Character but the common People in general, who love to meddle where they have neither Judgment nor Buſineſs.
(x) Mare

When

When Horſes in the Fields lye dying,
The Carrion (a) Craws about them flying
Will keep a (b) craiking, and I've ſeen,
Ere they've been dead, their very een
Pyk't out, and Dogs ha' ſnaſht their Haunches,
Ay, ſometimes riv'n out aw their Paunches.
Syklike there was a Rav'nous Tribe,
(The De'il has not their (c) marks beſide)
(d) Steud on the Shoar to ſee us ſink,
And Fiſh-way in the Ocean drink.
Amang the (e) laive I did eſpy,
A Doctor of Divinity,
Or elſe he ſlants confoundedly.
But yet ſuppoſe he leuv'd to fib,
And ſome for that, his Luggs ſhould (f) libb:
Or teach him aumbling by the hand,
Till he his paces underſtand;
Or twine a widdy 'bout his (g) Craig,
To ken him for a ſtraying Naig;
It's nae ſike wide Compariſon,
For Horſe and Doctor, all is one.
Conjoin for better or for worſe,
It's Doctor *Oats* makes Doctor Horſe.
Theſe Queſtions ne'er ſhall trouble me,
For now he'as tane his right Degree.
Or if he draw behind the Cart,
Let it be ſae with aw my Heart;
If he draw right on any ſcore,
It's mair nor ev'r he did before.
This Ship, quoth he, *we underſtand,*
Is fraught wi' Dean and Chapter Land,
Rich fat Livings, Biſhops Manners,
Pilgrims, Court and Kirk-Trepanners.
Black-Bills, and Iriſh, *Tory* Scots,
They're not a Hairs breadth fra our Throats.

(a) Crows.
(b) croaking.
(c) equals
(d) Stood
(e) reſt
(f) geld:
(g) Neck,

(h) Salmanca, if we'll trust Fame.

My sel' has been (h) *in other Nations,*
Where I ha' study'd Conjuration,
I'll drive a Storm, the Seas I'll trouble,
And they shall find their Danger double;
I'll force the Winds (for I ha' Skill)
To raise Auld Nick, lay him who will)
From whence, I hope, when she is lost,
She will be wreck't upon our Coast.
If ony claim be made, I'll swear
That we saw nought but Papish Gear.
Why should we keep it to our loss?
We burnt it all at Charing-Cross.
(i) Sir W. W. *And for the* (i) *Guineys and what elf,*
Them we'll divide amang our sel's.
The Doctor having giv'n the Word,
A Daughty Captain drew his Sword,
And Vows——*By all my Valiant Deeds,*
I will not leave thee in the Wyeds.
I'll stick to thee as close as Curtis
(*Wha will take Care that nane shall hurt us*)
'Till he that buckl'd us shall part us.
Then end-ways rush't another Crew,
(I canno' tell how many now)
They shouted——*Leaders never sledge,*
For we'll stick to you back and edge:
We'll swear aw that and meikle mair,
Provided always we have share.
We'll swear, and never tire of swearing,
And swear 'till some have lost their hearing.
Swear in, swear out, swear off, swear on,
And swear when Swearing time is gone.
We'll swear, and lye, and things set handles,
That swearing truth shall give a scandal.
Ah! instantly a Gale did blow,
The Seas ran tumbling to and fro:

Our Skipper ſtep't upon the Hatch,
My Lads, ſaid he, *let us diſpatch,*
And reef the Top-ſail, for I gueſs,
This Gale is likely to increaſe.
What——? mair and mair, our Top-ſail muſt
Be handed, let no time be loſt.
And our three Lou-ſails will not do,
Therefore let's hand our Fores-ſail too.
I think with Main-ſail we'll make ſhift,
Sa lang's we have enough of drift.
This way again, brave Lads make hie,
And lay'r in Miſne ballaſt by:
Still worſe and worſe——! Lads here again,
And reef the main-ſail; I ſee plain
That we ſhall have a dreadfow ſtorm,
Pray God our Veſſel take nae harm.
Oh! wonderful! the Seas ſtill ſwell,
Sure this (k) *mun be the fiend of Hell!*
Our Ship is now ſae toſs't and hurl'd,
Our Main-ſail muſt lik ways be furl'd.
All will not do,---Plumb---Here's a Road;
Caſt Anchor, wait the Will of God.
Some Service preſently provide,
To ſave our Cable while we ride.
Heave out the (l) *heavyeſt of the ware,*
Let ilka Merchant bear a ſhare.
Set up the Glaſs, Watch turn about,
For of our ſafety I make doubt;
And clear the Boat my Lads with ſpeed,
I fear 'twill be our laſt remeed.
Our Maiſter to his Cabin went,
And teuk a dram, for he was faint:
O then a Mountain-Sea came on us!
And nought ſae ſare cou'd have undone us.

(k) *muſt*

(l) Po. *Lards*

It broke our Cable, our Boat
Nae lik'ly-heud we cou'd be sav'd,
It took some Men quite off the Deck,
And Sprang an ugly fearfow Leak:
Our ready Carpenters made haste,
And stop't it sunckat presently.
Yet baith our Pumps were nigh sae plash't,
To keep her up, tho we ne'r flinch't,
(m) A couple of Knights (n) in this same County,
Wha neither spar'd for Pains nor Bounty,
Clamm up the Shrouds, and wrought (n) han-span,
And preuv'd themsel's twa clifty Men;
Some Neighbours they'd them small regard,
But Virtue is its awn Reward.
Some sigh'd, and some did curse and damn,
Some cry'd---*Let's take the timber dram:*
(o) Some search't their Consciences, and vow'd
And yelp't for Mercy what they cou'd,
And like a (o) Hubby-shew was keep't;
Wou'd wak'ned *Neptune*, had he sleep't:
(p) When we with labour were just spent,
At last we to our Prayers went.
For Sailors (p) seindle pray, but when
There is nae help fra Mortal Men;
Perceiving nae other remeed,
They pray to God.

Land. So had they need.

Ten. The Godless gang I nam'd before,
Pelted us off the Weather-Shear:
They had some (q) Cannon on their Ground,
But thanks to God, they were no' sound.
They rattled on, and keep't a bustle,
About our Luggs they did sae whistle,
For aw their (r) Dindon, and their Ding,
It was but little they did winn.
We had a-board an *Observator*,
Experienc'd at Land and Water:

(m) County of *Durham*,
(n) very heartily,
(o) disorderly noise
(p) seldom
(q) scurrilous Libels
(r) needless stir,

He

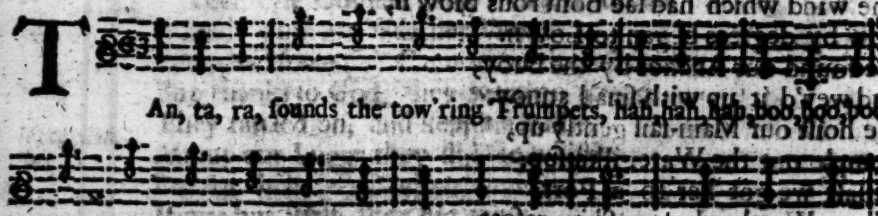
He minds the Compass and the Tide,
How the Wind blew, and aw beside.
Their Plots and Intrigues closely hunted,
And as they planted he dismounted.
They blirted, squirted, flirted fondly,
He Clapper-claw'd their Jenkins soundly.
They presently spent aw their Powder,
But he repeats louder and louder.
Says Lown of theirs, *my Foes I fear*
Ton is a perlish Ingeneer:
Had we him yance out of the way,
They cou'd no find us like tough play.
Perceiving that, he thought it Folly,
To set his breast against their Volly.
His down-cast eye their hail intent,
They aw discharge with free Consent;
He jowk't, and o'er his head it went.
Then *Heraclitus* girn'd and laughe,
Whilk set the raging Rabble daft;
They, when their high attempting fails,
Sneak't off like Dogs had burnt their Tails.
Our Maister instantly starts up
And wishfully look't o're the Poop.
Brave Lads, let not your Courage fail,
*For thanks to God our * Rudder's hail.*
Mair Comfort for us yet beside,
For how puts in a high Spring Tide.
The wind which had sae boist'rous blow'n,
Now by degrees it gan to cow'n.
We fowld our Anchor by the Buoy,
And wee'd it up with small annoy.
We hoist our Main-sail gently up,
Bumpt on the Water like a Pup.
Attack we got for to a Port,
Where Weather-beaten Ships resort.

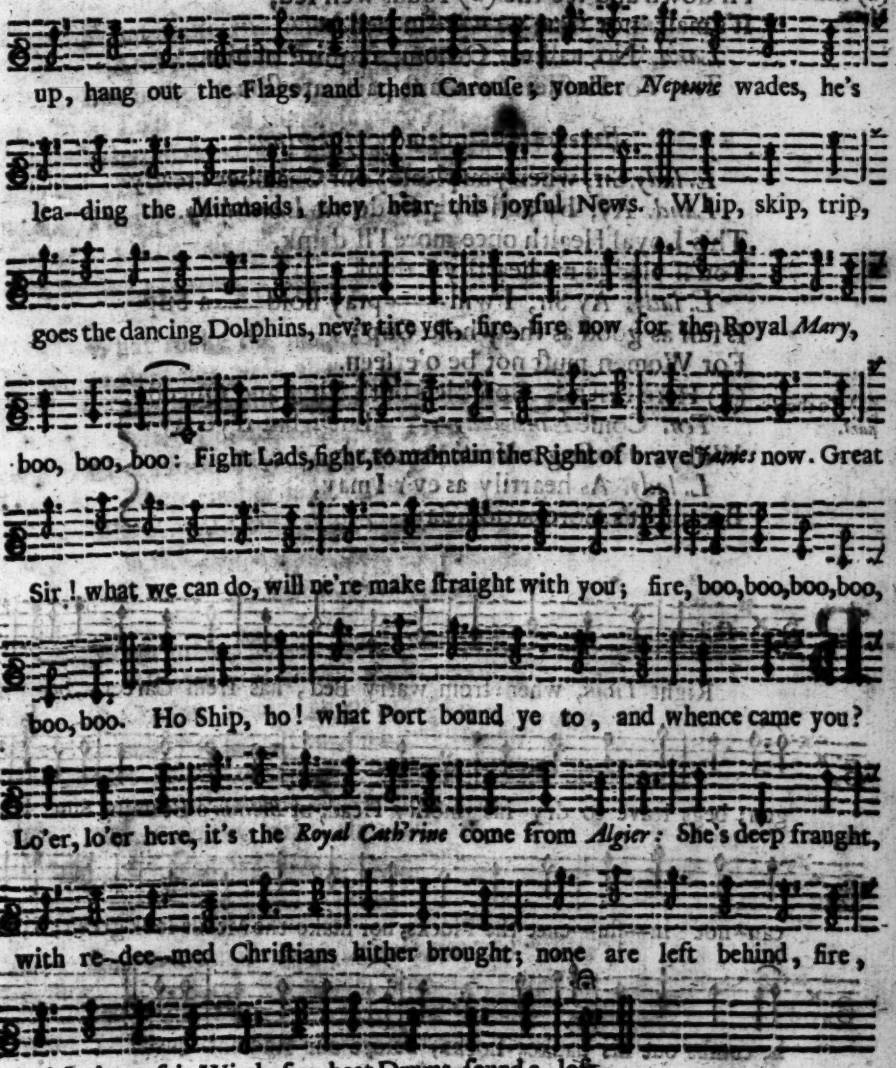
* The Law still in it's right course.

My skilfull Pilots, and wise Masters,
Geud Carpenters, and like as mony
She cost God knaws a deal in rigging,
(And sundry Merchants ran a-begging)
We rigg'd her up fra Stem to Stern,
Securing where she had ony harm,
Made her, whatever she did ail,
As tite a Ship as ev'r set sail:
There's not a Vessel on the Main,
But lo'ers to her; *God's haly Name*
Be glorified for the same.
Our Maister then a-shore did gang,
You Lown, said he, I'll ne'er forget you,
And with his Foot he kick't us,
Gang hame, —— *be Hang'd* ——
If ev'r hereafter any see me,
(a) Melling wi' what (b) pertains to me,
I'll give him leave (mark what I say)
To hew this Craig of mine in sunder.
Some of our Lads b'ing very kind,
(c) Alantom follow'd me behind.
We took a House, where we refresh't,
Our sel's wi' what our Hostess fetch't,
Without, within, we soon grew warm,
A Sang, says yane, will do nae harm:
He lilted up, and straik't his beard,
An' please your Worship ye shall hear't.

(a) Medling
(b) belongs

(c) At a distance




up, hang out the Flags, and then Carouse; yonder *Neptune* wades, he's
lea--ding the Mirmeids, they hear this joyful News. Whip, skip, trip,
goes the dancing Dolphins, nev'r tire yet, fire, fire now for the Royal *Mary*,
boo, boo, boo: Fight Lads, fight, to maintain the Right of brave *James* now. Great
Sir! what we can do, will ne're make ſtraight with you; fire, boo, boo, boo, boo,
boo, boo. Ho Ship, ho! what Port bound ye to, and whence came you?
Lo'er, lo'er here, it's the *Royal Cath'rine* come from *Algier*: She's deep fraught,
with re--dee--med Chriſtians hither brought; none are left behind, fire,
God ſend you fair Wind; fire, beat Drums, ſound a--loft.

(a) Horse and Horses.

I'll down and see the (a) Yands well fed,
It's mair nor time ye were in bed.
Land. No, call my Groom, inquire of him.
Ten. For Hostlers fur maist paist are slim.

Enters the Land-lady of the Inn.

L. lady. Sir, when you please your Chamber's ready.
Land. Ay, by and by; sit down *Land-lady.*
This Loyal Health once more I'll drink,
You'll pledge me heartily I think.
L. lady. Ay Sir, I will——pray hold——a Sup
Is full as good as the whole Cup,
For Women must not be o'erseen.
(b) Here Friend, God bless both King and Queen.
Ten. Come *Land-lady*——But what d'ye say?
Will ye noe sing a Verse or tway
L. lady. As heartily as ev'r I may,
Because it's Coronation day.

(b) To the Company.

I.

Right *Titan*, when from watry Bed, has fresh Career be-
gun; begs leave to dry his mostly Head, at *Britain's* Beaming Sun: He
can not in—flu—ence the Flocks, nor make the Meads look green; till
he combs out his Lankey-Locks, before our Radiant Queen.

II.

What makes the new blown Roſe creep in
And dares not ſhew it's Face?
But makes the ſweeteſt Flowers begin
To fly with flighteſt pace?
What makes the Tulip caſt it's Leaves?
Not let them here be ſeen?
They muſt not touch, the ſight's too much
Of *Britains* Beauteous Queen.

III.

What make the lofty Cedar droop,
As if not well at eaſe?
What makes the neighb'ring Foreſts ſtoop,
As all were Shrubs, no Trees?
Like Noon-day-Owls, they hide their Boles,
Their timber is but mean,
The Royal-Oak, without a ſtroak,
Will Conquer for our Queen.

IV.

What makes *Diana* court the ſhades?
What makes her Nymphs recoil?
A Chaſter Beauty them invades,
They're proud they've got the Foil:
Her Prieſts need keep no holy-day,
No Off'rings as have been;
Nor Sacrifice but to the eyes
Of *Britains* Goddeſs Queen.

V.

From whence hear I thoſe chearful Chirps?
Ev'n from her Sacred Feet;
The Moans, the Groans of needy ones,
Are turn'd to Muſick ſweet:

Why no Complaints from Indigents?
What makes the Goals so thinn?
The Bounty, and the Charity,
Of *Britains* pious Queen.

Ten. Well sung dear Hostess, come my Dow,
And let me kiss that (a) weel-fourd mow,
When *awld Megg* dy's thes have at you.

(a) well-favour'd Mouth.

Land. Th' enamel'd Flower spreads its imbellish'd Leaves,
Gives thanks for what 't has got, and more receives;
But haughty Rebels dare all Rights deny,
And God, and his Anointed both defie!
Oh! wretch'd Ingratitude! not to regard,
Their Sov'raigns good Example, nor Reward!
As if the Almighty only did Create
Kings for the *Objects* of their *Subjects* Hate,
Not to be Honour'd, but be spurn'd at.
We'll talk no more, I think we'ad best
Go say our Prayers, and so to rest.

A good Subject cannot make an ill Prince.

IV.

V.

FINIS.

A Catalogue of some Books, Printed for *Benjamin Tooke*, at the *Ship* in St. *Paul's Church-Yard*.

FOLIO.

Herodoti Halicarnassæi Historiarum Libri 9. Greek and Latin.
Francisci Suarez. Tractatus de Legibus ac Deo Legislatore.
The Works of the most Reverend Father in God *John Bramhall*, D. D. late Lord Arch-Bishop of *Ardmagh*, Primate and Metropolitan of all *Ireland*, with his Life.
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N. Lloydis Dictionarium Geographico-Poeticum, Edit. 2.

QUARTO.

Phocena, or the Anatomy of a *Porpess*, dissected at *Gresham Colledge*, by *Edw. Tyson*, M. D.
Separation of the Churches from Episcopal Government, as Practised by the present Nonconformists, proved Schismatical, by *Henry Dodwell*, A. M.
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OCTAVO and *TWELVES*.

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